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by Scarlett Panufnik

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See page 37

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 JUNE 16 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2607

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Wearing his angler's waders, Arthur Mayse paddles in the Pacific with his son Ronald

ONLY an enthusiastic angler could have written "Fish of Gold," which begins on page 12, and Arthur Mayse is certainly that. "In fact," he says, "one reason why I live in British Columbia is that the fishing is extra good. Five minutes from my house I can catch salmon weighing up to thirty pounds."

Mayse, born in Manitoba in 1912, was a journalist in Vancouver, then fiction editor of a Toronto magazine. He made a lot of dollars as a freelance—"Perilous Passage," one of his two adventure novels, was filmed—and settled in British Columbia five years ago.

He admits that his passion for fishing often interferes with his writing, but the sport has given him many story ideas. "Fish of Gold" is based upon an incident when he gaffed a prize fish in a Steelhead Derby. "The only fictitious part," he says, "is that my partner, who hooked the trout, didn't have to swim the rapids to stay with it, like the hero in the story."

Angling is a passion in the Pacific north west, says Mayse, and great crowds watch the winter Derbies for the powerful steelhead trout which weigh up to twenty-six pounds.

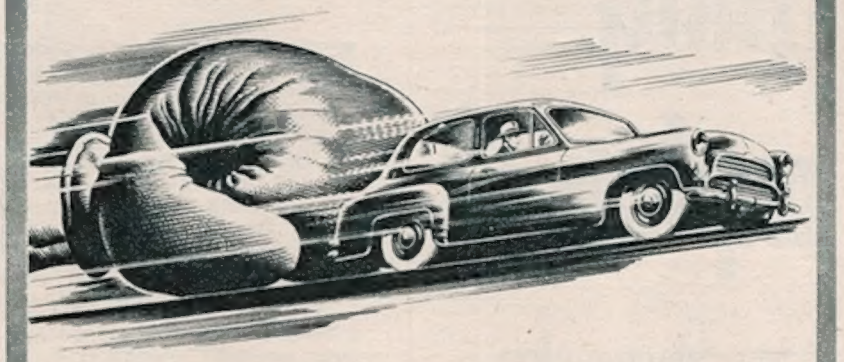
Although he served with the Canadian Army during the war, Mayse has never been to Britain. "I may soon pay a pilgrimage to Sheffield, where my father was born," he says. "There's another motive, of course. I have an ambition to catch one of your chalk-stream trout on dry fly."

WHEN Andrzej Panufnik, the distinguished Polish composer and conductor, fled to the West two years ago he had to leave behind in his Warsaw flat the magnificent collection of valuable Italian and German violins he had inherited from his father. His wife Scarlett says: "If Andrzej had tried to walk out with his Amati violin, someone might have been very suspicious indeed." Mrs. Panufnik's story of their flight to freedom begins on page 7.

But Panufnik did manage to bring with him something even more valuable than old instruments: copies of the scores of all his compositions since 1944. His earlier works (he has been composing since the age of eight) were destroyed in the Warsaw rising.

In London Scarlett Panufnik has watched her husband rebuilding his musical life. The first step came in October, 1954, when he conducted his first British concert, with the Philharmonia at the Festival Hall. Then, on July 14, 1955—exactly a year after his arrival in the West—he brought home the first of the editions of his scores to be published in London. The third and most important stage of all was the publishing of *Marche Impromptu*, his first composition since his escape. It rebutted the Communist charge, made so frequently in broadcasts from Warsaw, that as a creative artist Panufnik was "doomed to oblivion."

DYNAMIC!



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Free Speech

- **The burglar who made good**
- **Automation makes the happy home**
- **Roundabout puzzle for motorists**

ONE night I heard a noise and went downstairs to find a burglar rifling valuables from a drawer in the dining-room.

My first instinctive reaction was to call the police. But instead, I sat him down and talked the whole thing over. I could either have reported him, a previous offender, or let him go. I did the latter, on one condition —that he undertook to work in my small factory.

Legally, I suppose I failed in my duty as a citizen by not having this man arrested. Normally I would have done so without hesitation, but for once I relied on an intuitive feeling that he could make good.

I am glad to say that my faith in this man has been justified. All this happened three years ago, and the burglar-that-was is now a valuable and popular member of my staff, and recently he earned promotion. But the real story, only he and I know.—L. M., Cardiff.

Private Enterprise

My brother is a salesman for a firm of clothing manufacturers, and keeps an unusual card index of his customers.

It reveals, for example, that Mr. M. "has a daughter who takes the scholarship examination in February"; that Mr. B. is "a keen gardener—has wife recovering from illness"; that Mr. P. is "a theatre-goer and likes fishing."

My brother says that following up these points with his customers flatters them, makes his work more interesting and encourages business. —N. E. F., Croydon, Surrey.

Canner's Code

Manufacturers should be compelled to mark all tinned foods with a date and save housewives the expense and distress of opening tins only to find bad food inside. — H. HOWARD, Manchester, 14.

Tinned foods usually bear a date or batch stamp, but it is in the canner's own code. "Marking with the actual date might be misleading to the public," says one manufacturer. "Certain products may be perfectly good after a couple of years, whereas other varieties don't have such a long 'shelf life.'"

Under normal conditions, canned fruit and milk will keep for twelve months, canned vegetables for two years; canned meat, and canned fish in oil, five years; and canned fish in tomato sauce for one year.

It's A Girl

My sister has recently had her second daughter. She was quite reconciled to the idea of another girl, as the hospital sister in charge of the clinic said that the heart beats of the unborn child suggested it, and that she was rarely wrong. I always thought, however, that foretelling the sex of a child was impossible. — MRS. M. NICHOLLS, Cosham, Portsmouth.

"There is no solid statistical evidence to prove this," says a doctor, "but doctors and nurses commonly guess that if the heartbeats of a child are more than twice as fast as those of the mother, it is likely to be a girl. If they are less than twice as fast, then it is likely to be a boy.

"Other methods are more scientific and more accurate. For one of them, involving a chemical test of the mother's saliva, some laboratories have claimed ninety per cent accuracy."

Quick Work

Boredom is a result of temperament, not labour-saving devices ("Free Speech," May 19), which I find leave me time to do creative work on my knitting and sewing machines. There is nothing creative about housework, which should be done as quickly and as easily as possible.—R. LUCILLE ROBERTS, Huyton, Liverpool.

. . . A lack of labour-saving devices forty-five years ago? In 1880, when I was ten years old, we had a washing machine and a wringer, a clockwork roasting-jack, knife cleaner, sausage machine and an apple and potato peeler. So we didn't do so badly.—E. W. MANDERS, Pleshey Road, Tufnell Park, N.7.

Crocodile Shock

I was intrigued by your recent story, "The Girl of Crocodile River." I live about three minutes away from the Kankaria Lake, and my daughter and I used to take our morning exercise there and watch nine huge crocodiles at play. Sometimes they would line up as at a given signal, and then set off at a terrific speed.

We had often seen them near the water's edge and recalled lots of tales of bathers in the lake losing limbs. One morning I pointed with my cane and said to my daughter, "Look, isn't that a funny piece of wood"—it was only a foot away. As I spoke, the "log" swished into the water, brought its snout to the bank and fixed its huge eyes on me. Later, we were shown a crocodile nest on the bank. It was shaped like a basket, leaf-lined and with branches placed over the top. Inside were several eggs.—MARGARET WILSON, Kankaria Road, Ahmedabad—1, India.

A FREE £500 HOME DECORATING COMPETITION

See page 37

Overdue Books

If a borrower returning an overdue book refused to pay the fine ("Spot the Lawbreaker," JOHN BULL, May 19), the money could not be extracted by legal proceedings. But the library would have power to refuse to allow that borrower to take out more books because the library rules, which usually say for how long a book may be borrowed, had been broken.

Staffordshire County Council are shortly to present a private Bill before the House of Commons, and one of its clauses seeks to empower library committees to levy fines.—COUNCILLOR K. V. RUSSELL, chairman, Brierley Hill Libraries and Arts Committee, Staffordshire.

Way Round It

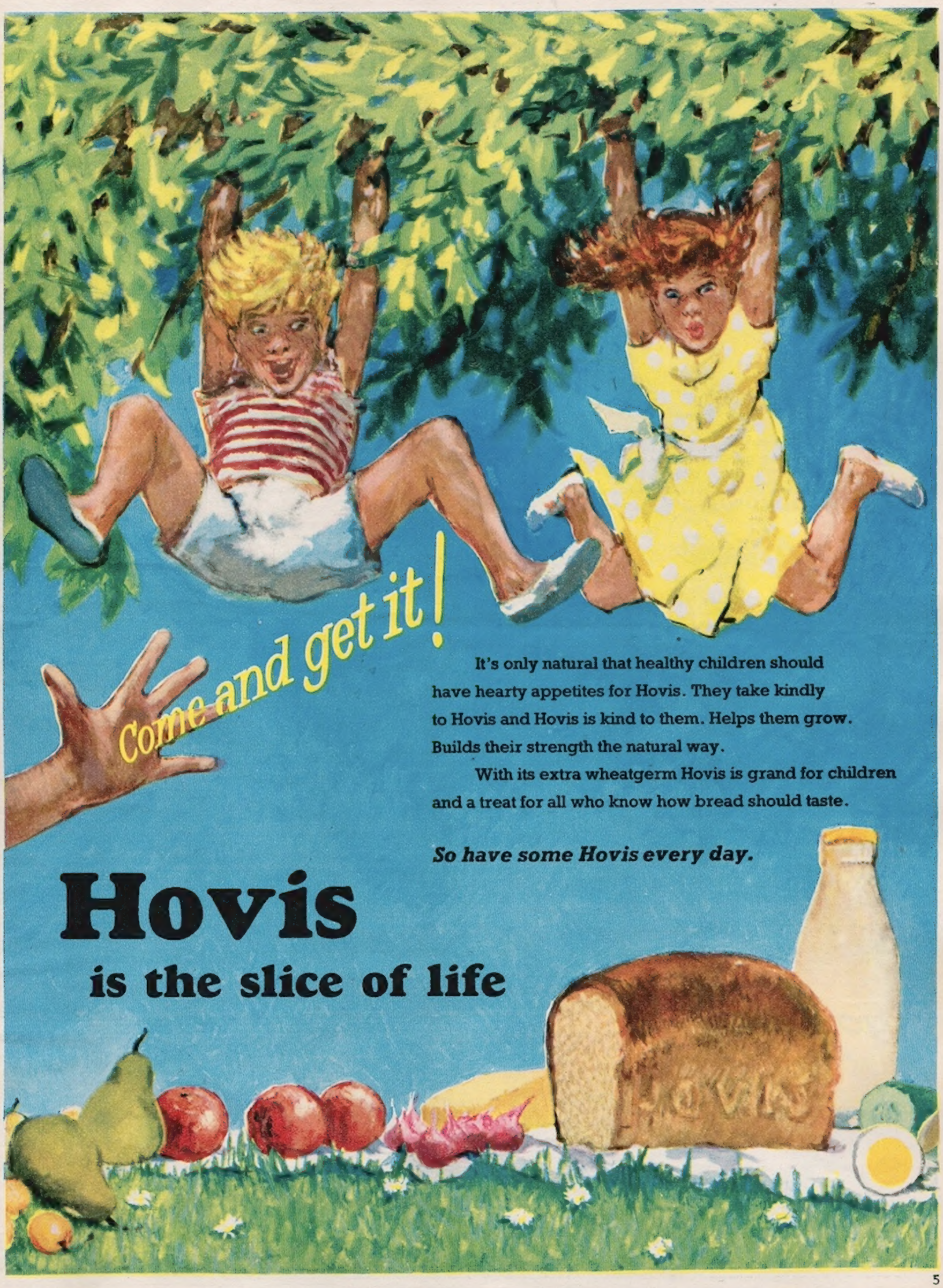
More and more road junctions are being converted to roundabouts, but there is no accepted behaviour recognized by drivers. Some give way to traffic coming from their right, while others consider that right of way should be given to those already on the roundabout. I think this confusion should be ended by an official ruling. — H. C. KING, Hillingdon Road, Gravesend, Kent.

"We are aware of the doubt and confusion that may arise in negotiating roundabouts," says the Ministry of Transport. "And we are considering issuing some general guidance, based on the need for clear signals given in good time, careful regulation of speed, and the utmost consideration for others."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

AN apple a day keeps the doctor away—and what a shady stratagem that's turned out to be! The cover patient knows very well he'd be sent straight back to work if a doctor could see this pathetic act. But while the malady lingers on he's making the most of it—until, that is, a man has to take his medicine. And that's any moment now. Derek Chittock's cover wife seems, at last, to have seen through the whole business. Ah, well; so much for the convalescence that was supposed to last through next week's Test Match on TV!



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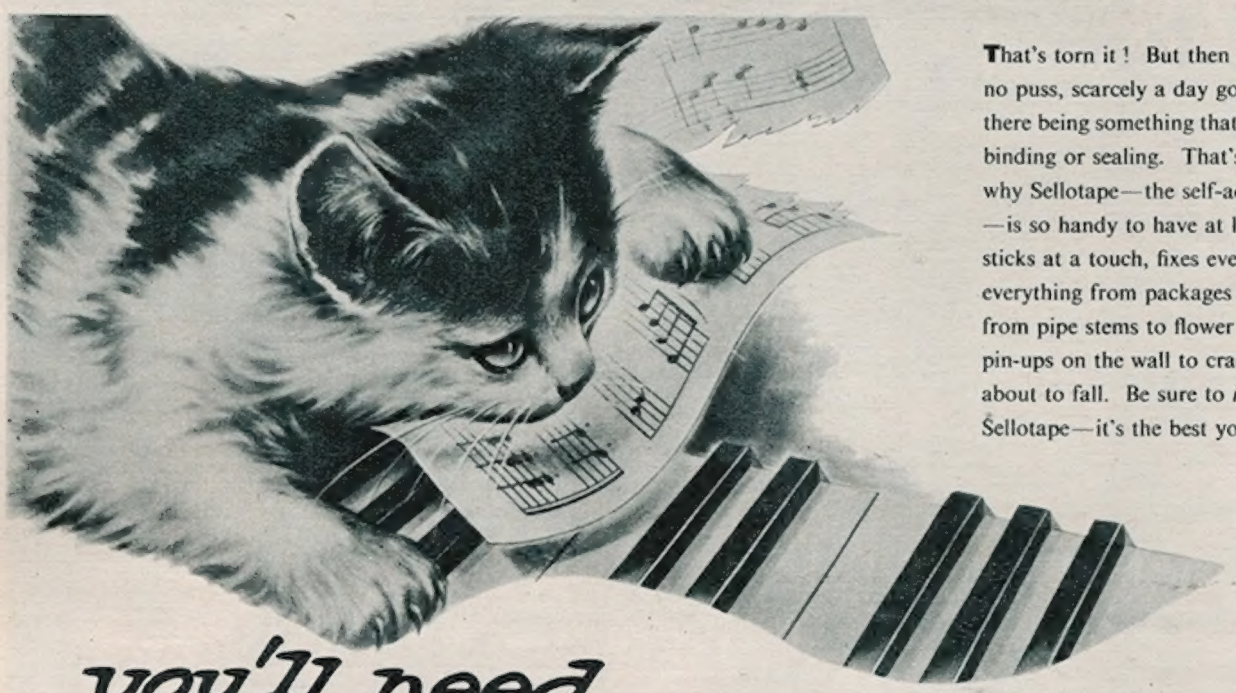
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G&G

How I plotted to rescue my husband . . .

OUT OF THE CITY OF FEAR

by SCARLETT PANUFNIK

I SHALL never forget that scene in Hyde Park on March 6, 1954. I felt a tremor of fear when the big, burly man in the cloth cap moved menacingly forward towards the youth standing in front of me, on the edge of the crowd which surrounded the red-draped dais of the Communist Party of Great Britain.

The youth had been tormenting the speaker for some time. The big man was standing guard beneath the dais. Suddenly he moved. "Were you talking to me, mate?"

He spat the words out as he came forward with a speed surprising in a man of his size. The youth trod on my toes as he pressed back before his approach. But the crowd, scenting trouble, surged forward and threw him on to the big man's wide chest. The youth shrugged his thin shoulders before the other's glare and the big man, without touching him, turned back towards the soap-box.

"Keep your ruddy mouth shut," he said.

The youth, with a sudden spurt of courage, shouted "Secret Police!" at the big man's back. Then he dived into the crowd as the man swung round at the taunt. The crowd laughed delightedly and took up the chant: "Secret Police . . . Secret Police!"

I could not laugh with them. I pushed my way through the tight mass of bodies and stood lost and lonely in the park. I had been too near the real thing to enjoy an imitation. What did that crowd know of the secret police? Suddenly the wonder of it all

hit me. I was home! After eight years in Warsaw, after eight years behind the Iron Curtain, I was home!

I looked at the crowds. What a difference from the drab, gloomy, weary faces I had left behind me only a few hours before.

Turning into the lobby of the Cumberland Hotel, where I had a room for a few days, I sat down and looked around me. The women were fascinating. Tall, incredibly slim of hip and bosom, a far cry from the "woman of the people," they unnerved me with their matt complexions. I looked at my own bloated body with distaste. A diet of soup, potatoes, little meat and no fruit had done its work. With a sense of defeat I got up to go to my room.

I wasn't feeling too cheerful when the phone rang. "Warsaw calling"—the operator's voice was matter-of-fact. I stood up to take the call. It seemed to lessen the distance somehow. The Curtain fell away as the voice of my husband, Andrzej, wonderfully near, came over the wire. We could neither of us keep our voices quite steady. So far it had always been the other way round. He had been the one lucky enough to go West while I remained east of the Elbe.

We could neither of us say what was nearest our heart. I injected into my voice the note of assurance which I knew Andrzej needed so desperately to hear. Then, replacing the receiver, I went over to the window and looked out over London.

The first stage in our plan had gone smoothly enough. I was out, back home, after eight years behind the Curtain in Warsaw. But I was the unimportant one. It was Andrzej who mattered, and he was a celebrated conductor and composer, Propaganda Exhibit Number One behind the Polish Curtain. His chance of escaping to the West while I was there was almost nil. But miracles do happen and I had just four months to see that one took place.

I leaned heavily against the window-sill. Strangely enough, the task had not seemed so impossible viewed from inside the Curtain, but now, after only a few hours in this terrifyingly casual new world, it already appeared hopeless.

My first call had to be at the Polish Embassy, in Portland Place. There I had to establish my absolute loyalty to the Communist cause before I could begin to contact the people whose help would be essential if I was to get Andrzej out, with a minimum of risk, before July 22, when I was due to return to Poland.

POLAND. . . . My thoughts went back to February, 1946, when I had first arrived in Poland. I was seventeen, and tremendously excited. Here was I, Scarlett O'Mahoney, born in Chelsea and fresh from a convent, off to a new world. A year before I had married Jan, a dashing young Polish officer; now I was to see his family and his country.

But within a year of my arrival, our marriage broke down. My great need was for something to do. I managed to get work at the radio station, reading talks in English, and as an English lecturer at the Warsaw Academy of Science. I was then extremely busy and content, and at the end of 1948 Jan agreed to a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility.

Soon after, a series of events took place which shattered my peace. Filled with enthusiasm for the great efforts the Poles were making to rebuild their devastated capital city I decided to stay in Poland after my divorce. My motives were misunderstood. I was questioned by the security police—once for five hours on end—and my room was searched. I was dismissed from the academy after refusing to answer questions about the political beliefs of my students, and from the radio station.

There began a period of inactivity fraught with loneliness and fear. I fretted to go to the British Embassy to see if they could help, but friends assured me that it would be suicide. The moment I stepped out of the building I would be picked up. And in spite of my divorce I was still a Polish citizen and had no rights whatsoever as a former British subject.

The only sensible thing to do was to mark time, and perhaps later on, when the security police were convinced that I was not a potential spy, apply to somebody in authority for permission to go to England.

Then in the summer of 1950 I met Andrzej. I was ill, my nerves on edge, and I was resigned to what promised to be a hopeless future. Through a friend, I went to Obory, on the outskirts of Warsaw, a former estate of Count Potulicki's which was now requisitioned as a rest-home for writers. The large park with its beautiful old trees and its green shady corners was a haven of peace.

There were few people at Obory that summer, but Andrzej was one of them. I recognized him the moment we were introduced from the many newspapers and magazine photographs I had seen. I was amazed at his youthful appearance.

There is always an attraction for the layman about a well-known musician, but Andrzej Panufnik was a glamorous figure in his own right. He was thirty-five, and looked ten years younger, tall and slim. He was extremely courteous and self-effacing. He had a great deal of quiet charm and his modesty was a quality I was always to respect and admire.

Later I learned that his mother was of English origin, and I was very moved when he and I spoke English together. He had studied the art of conducting in Vienna before the war, under the great Felix Weingartner, who recognized his great gifts. Since the war he had been permanent conductor of the Cracow Philharmonic Orchestra and later director of the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra. From 1946 he had travelled all over Europe conducting leading orchestras, among them the Berlin Philharmonic, the London Philharmonic and the National Orchestra, Paris.

In Moscow, Panufnik (left) chats with Soviet composer Khachaturian. Abroad, he was the Communists' prize exhibit. At home in Warsaw his work was abused

But it was not only as a conductor that Andrzej was famous. His compositions had won him a European reputation—which the Communists were eagerly exploiting—and he had been elected vice-chairman of the International Music Council of Unesco.

From our first meeting things seemed to fall into a pattern, adding up and making sense at last. For us both it was our first great love, and I think that Andrzej already knew then that because of its very strength it would bring us more unhappiness than happiness in the new society that was forming in Poland.

HE had just got back from an official visit to Moscow, where it had been pointed out to him that as yet no Polish musician had composed a work dedicated to "the cause of peace." How was that to be accounted for?

On his return he had promptly been sent to Obory to repair the strange deficiency. He had no illusions about the future, and made it quite clear to me that he would take advantage of the next opportunity to remain in Western Europe.

Throughout the next month in Warsaw we saw each other regularly, but never in public. I was to apply to the security police through a friend for a passport to England, and Andrzej on his next trip abroad was to make his way to London. This could only be done if our names were entirely unassociated.

In November a "Peace Congress" was to be held in Sheffield. Andrzej, as a member of the Soviet-sponsored Polish Peace Defenders' Committee, was to join the delegation. The

night before he sailed we talked feverishly of our plans for meeting in London.

"I shall meet you at the airport," he said. "With a sheaf of red roses."

But my heart was heavy as we spoke. I had heard a few days previously that in all probability the security police would let me out of Poland, but it was impossible to tell when.

It was difficult for me not to say "Come back" as we parted, and the days that followed were unhappy and frustrated. I tensed myself for the bombshell which would explode at the news that he was not returning, and hoped that no one would connect me with it.

The bombshell exploded, but not the one I expected. I was working in the office of Julius Maisky, editor-in-chief of the State Publishers of Books and Knowledge, when his telephone rang. Maisky spoke excitedly for a few moments; then he turned to me. "The congress in Sheffield is off," he said. "They're coming back."

The British authorities, he explained, had refused permission for the delegates to land. So the congress was to be held in Warsaw instead.

I pretended that I was shocked at the British attitude and turned away, hoping to hide my real feelings. I was overwhelmed by conflicting emotions. On the one hand I felt intense joy that I would be seeing Andrzej in a few days, and not be parted from him perhaps for years; but I was torn with compassion for him at the failure of his plan, for I knew how much the final decision had cost him.

By a lucky chance I got into the Warsaw Peace Congress myself, as a translator. There I saw Andrzej again, on the platform next to the Dean of Canterbury. The strained look on his face told its own story of disappointment and jagged nerves.

No further opportunity for escape offered itself during the next eight months and we became tired and dispirited. We had been seen together and the whole of Warsaw was speculating about our *affaire*.

We were married on July 13, 1951. It was our first major blunder.

Our marriage was the farewell to all Andrzej's hopes of escape. Afterwards the security police would let him out on his rare trips to Western Europe without fear. For they knew that he was far too honest a person not to return to a wife he had left behind, a wife who would suffer should he not come back. I was to be the hostage guaranteeing his return.

I had joined the ranks of the privileged in the new, officially classless, Communist Poland. The privileged class can be divided into three groups; first, the M.B.P. (secret police), members of the central committee of the party, high party officials and the army; second, any artist or scientist who, because of his personal integrity or his reputation in Western Europe, is a useful tool for political propaganda at home or abroad; third, the editors of *Dzis i Jutro* (*Today And Tomorrow*) and the small group of so-called "patriotic priests" who work with them to make the Church serve the Communist state.

What are these privileges then? For the first group, the most important, special shops with ever-drawn pale yellow curtains are provided, where commodities not on the market can be obtained at low prices and where the agony of queueing for even the smallest article is unknown. There are excellent housing conditions and special medical facilities for them, while the problems of transportation, the daily scourge of the ordinary person, are neatly disposed of in the shape of shiny black Chevrolets for party dignitaries and Citroens for the M.B.P. Special nursing-homes and rest-resorts for them and their children exist in the loveliest parts of the country, and the M.B.P. has its own hospitals and medical staff, quite apart from the government clinics for higher party officials.

The second and third groups share most of these privileges, but have no special shops or cars, although the editors of *Dzis i Jutro* do have their own funds and means of transport.

Communist Poland is officially classless, but the Panufniks were among the privileged élite. They had a self-contained luxury flat and servants

Andrzej was classed in the second group. When we married in July, his artistic ambitions were still very great and we still had hopes for the future. On July 22, I was included in his invitation to the yearly reception at the Soviet Embassy held to commemorate the accession in 1945 of the Moscow-sponsored Lublin Government and the beginning of the end of an independent Poland. It was my first glimpse of the inner government and party circles at play.

The invitation was important to me. It was a sign that I was accepted. Before we left home Andrzej spoke to me seriously. "Say as little as possible," he said. "That's what I do, and that's why I am still here."

A car was sent for us. We drove to the embassy through deserted streets cordoned off by a great many policemen in their pale blue uniforms. At the door square-faced M.B.P. men vetted our invitation cards and scrutinized each face with insolent efficiency. Then we went up the twisting stairs to pay our respects to Ambassador Soboleov and his wife.

The reception guests were crammed into two small rooms. I stayed close to Andrzej, and kept quiet as he had warned me to. Instead of talking we devoted ourselves to the food and drink which was like nothing I had seen since I reached Poland. There were Russian vodka—which is stronger than Polish—and Russian cognac and fine red wines from the Caucasus, caviare, fish cooked in jelly and all kinds of fruit, which the ordinary Pole could buy only at Christmas.

But the atmosphere at that reception could

On tour with a dance company, Panufnik addresses a Chinese audience. He returned to Poland exhausted, and heard that his baby daughter was dead

only be described as gloomy. There was an unnatural air of reserve. I sensed that everyone was thinking carefully before uttering a word.

And the clothes were so drab. I was glad that the Polish generals were there to add a dash of colour with their bright uniforms. These men rather amused me. Some of them had never set foot in Poland before 1944, and their broken Polish showed how little real claim they had to the nationality of the country whose army they controlled. Not that the language problem was causing them much difficulty. Most of the remarks I overheard were in perfect Russian—the language of Poland's Communist élite.

Apart from the soldiers, nearly everyone wore dark clothes. Sober dress, I had learned, was the badge of a good party member. And anyway, it was safer to be inconspicuous. I felt thankful that I was wearing nothing more exciting than a checked costume with black bag, black gloves, black shoes and no hat.

Thankful, but not very happy. Nina Andrycz, the wife of Premier Cyrankiewicz, was there. Her dress was short, too, but it was silver blue, a dream of a thing from Paris. For Nina, a well-known actress, is allowed a freedom that the ordinary party member dare not take.

I noticed a Frenchwoman, the wife of someone at the French Embassy, in a lavender pleated chiffon dress with enormous black hat. It was years since I had seen a woman in clothes so radiantly, so blithely, feminine. I felt dull, drab, unutterably depressed.

As we were driven home I said to Andrzej: "Did you see her, the French girl? Didn't she look wonderful?"

He pretended he had hardly noticed her. But I knew that he was only being kind.

Now that I was on the approved list I was invited to all the receptions—at the Soviet Embassy, at the premier's residence, at the National Theatre. The faces were always the same, for the same people were invited year after year—unless, of course, one of them had been sent to prison in the meantime.

Throughout all those years I can remember only three mildly funny incidents amid the gloom. The first was when Molotov attended an embassy function on a visit to Warsaw. We were standing there, all lined up against the wall to greet him, when he tripped on the carpet and stumbled, his face missing a bowl of caviare by inches. Of course, no one even remotely smiled.

The second incident was when the huge and handsome Marshal Rokossovsky suddenly became kittenish and played peep-bo with one of his generals—a most unusual occurrence. And the third was at the residence of Premier Cyrankiewicz, where a few diplomats from the British and American Embassies had also been invited.

WHEN Westerners were among the guests, I always stuck close to Andrzej so that, if one of them chanced to speak to me, my action would not be wrongly interpreted. On this occasion I was standing next to President Bierut, wistfully watching a British and an American officer resplendent in dress uniform, longing to speak to them in English but too well aware of the M.B.P. man observing their every move to do so. They must have noticed me, too, for they whispered to each other and looked in my direction. With them was a vision dressed in white, beautifully made-up and with one arm encased in silver bangles. She was a sensation in that room.

With some trepidation I watched her make her way towards me. Ignoring the surrounding officials, she said:

"Excuse me, but who are you? Are you Polish?"

I almost shouted "No" for the benefit of my M.B.P. man, who was straining his ears to hear what we were saying.

"British?"

I nodded reluctantly. She evidently got my message that I couldn't converse and turning to go, she whispered in a low voice:

"Well, I mustn't talk to you, as I'm Enemy No. 1—the wife of the American Military Attaché."

With that parting shot, she sidled off. I savoured the comical sound of "Enemy No. 1" in English, and had a quiet laugh on my own.

There was one occasion when I was really frightened. At many of the receptions I had chatted with a Soviet cultural attaché, a friendly man who talked a lot about tennis. Then one evening he came up to me and said:

"Good evening, comrade. I must say goodbye to you and to Andrzej. I have been recalled to Moscow."

I was astounded. He had spoken in perfect English. He knew my background, but he had never even hinted that he understood my language. It was terrible to think that any chance remark of criticism I might have made to Andrzej could have been noted.

One day in 1953 Andrzej returned from conducting in Brussels. He brought me a present: some Elizabeth Arden perfume. It was like showing alcohol to a thirsty drunkard. A few days later we were to attend an official reception, and I thought: *To hell with them! I'll show them.*

When Andrzej, in his dark suit, met me in the hall I was dressed in as blatantly Western a manner as possible. I wore drop-earrings and chunky jewellery he had brought back for me from abroad. I had plastered on my warpaint and combed down my hair. I was the reverse of the People's Poland model woman.

When he saw me, Andrzej turned pale. "It's too provocative," he said. "They'll never forgive you."

He begged me to take off at least the earrings, unusual and frivolous ornaments for grim Warsaw. I refused. When we arrived the premier's wife gave me an icy look as she received us. The orchestra struck up with Andrzej's Jaworzynski March in his honour, but all round people were glaring at me. I knew I had scored. Out of regard for Andrzej nothing was said, but my morale went right up.

After that I always dressed in a Western style; it was my way of hitting back for Andrzej.

When we were first married we had a self-contained two-room flat, which was considered a

great luxury in a city where housing is a major problem. Most families live in appalling conditions and more often than not whole families live in one room.

But for the privileged there is no servant problem. Many women prefer domestic service to the hard life of the factory. We were helped first by Sofia, an old servant of the Panufniks' and later by a younger woman, Janka.

Home life as it is understood in Western Europe simply does not exist any more in Poland today. Both the lack of accommodation and the fact that husband and wife, even if they have a home, are away from it at work all day and very often until the late evening, make home life in the true sense of the word an impossibility.

Whether one is a party member or not, a professional man or a manual worker, attendance is compulsory at the hundred and one different *zebranie* (propaganda pep-talks arranged by party spokesmen) before work, during work and after work. Party members have their own additional party meetings. How can there be any hope of home life in these conditions?

Social .life, like home life, is almost non-existent. . . . I remember a comparatively gay evening spent in the flat of some friends a few years ago. Everybody knew everybody else intimately, and in the almost normal atmosphere, due probably to the vodka, tongues were considerably loosened.

When the time came to go, we were all gathered in the hall saying our goodbyes. Our hostess noticed a colourless identity card lying near the coat-rack and, stooping to pick it up, said unconcernedly: "Somebody's lost something."

She held it out for inspection. In the silence that followed nobody claimed the card. As our hostess looked at it more carefully, her face went an ugly grey. There was no photograph or name inside, just a number. Which one of us had been carrying an identity card of the security police?

For a moment we stood there stricken, looking at one another with suspicion and sudden hatred, each face a closed mask, each of us desperately trying to remember what indiscretions had been committed. Later we spent tortured hours at home considering the possibility of this or that friend being an agent, but the conclusion was always the same. It couldn't possibly be A and certainly not B. We never did know.

The following day a policeman called on our hostess to collect the card and, so far as we were concerned, the incident was closed. But we had learned an unforgettable lesson.

Just occasionally I and some friends had an evening out, perhaps at the Kameralna or the Paradise, the two popular haunts that corresponded most closely to a Western night-club. In both of them the atmosphere was as gay as a graveyard. Teddy-Boys with long hair, balancing precariously on inches-thick crepe soles (made privately by a state shoe-maker for an exorbitant sum), small shopkeepers who managed to salvage something of their possessions when the state took over, and a few alcoholic artistic nonentities, shuffle around the small floor to the pseudo-folk-music and sickly tangos played by an incredibly bad and dispirited orchestra.

This is their last fling before the axe falls in the shape of a labour camp, a threat reflected in the eyes of the many M.B.P. agents seated at tables around the room, supposedly intent on their coffee, but missing nothing and deceiving no one with their casual air.

Although at times I longed for some sort of entertainment, during the last years one evening at the Kameralna was enough to last for a very long time.

There has been a great increase in the birth-rate in the last few years and every second woman one sees on the streets of Warsaw is pregnant. The joys of motherhood alone are not, as

Continued on page 40

Andrzej and Scarlett met on holiday at Obory, on Warsaw's outskirts. "For us both," she says, "it was our first love"

Scarlett, on honeymoon. Marriage made her a hostage of the Reds

Soon after the war, Scarlett, aged seventeen, left England for Poland. Her mother went to live with her at a villa near Warsaw. Later Scarlett did radio work and gave lectures

This was a battle Rory dare not lose. His family's hopes were hooked to the frenzied . . .

Fish of Gold

by ***ARTHUR MAYSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

O'FLYNN stood with the current of the Quilachip River piling against his upstream knee, looking to where his wife attended to their new-wakened youngest at the edge of the willow break.

For the first time in his married life, he viewed this scene with neither pride nor pleasure. He wore no watch, having hocked that item a week ago, but if the baby's afternoon nap was over, time must be crowding four o'clock. The annual Quilachip River Steelhead Derby ended at five. He had an hour to mend his luck and catch a prize fish.

"Come on out," Marya cried down to him in a coaxing voice. "You need a warm-up, darling."

"Warm-up be damned!" He said it under his breath, to the January river. "Does the woman think I'm freezing here for the love of it?"

After eight hours in leaky waders he was cold past shivering, numbed almost beyond sensation, his hands blue as his stubborn stubbly jaw. He reeled in with clumsy-stiff fingers, brought the float to the tip ring of a rod that had known naught but a proper fly until today, and with an apology to his granddad's scandalized ghost, heaved his salmon roe strawberry into the teeth of the wind.

To O'Flynn's mind, this wasn't angling. It was pot-hunting pure and simple, each cast an affront to the river that would haggle his conscience for many a month. But he had mouths to feed and backs to clothe, and a family man in adversity must pocket his pride along with his fly boxes.

One could catch winter steelhead on the fly, true. He had done so plenty of times himself. The fish that would win him a four-door saloon car, though—or an outboard cruiser or any of the lush prizes in the northwest's flossiest fishing contest—was much more likely to gape its jaws for a gob of salmon eggs with a meathook in the middle.

Marya called to him again. He turned, and she was beckoning him from the mouth of the tent he had rigged for his family, coffee pot elevated and a siren smile upon her face.

"Ah, hell with it!" O'Flynn mumbled. He set the rod over his shoulder and, reeling in line as he waded ashore, headed across the beach to the fire, hot coffee and the company of his dear ones.

Sitting beside the blaze with his hands unthawing around a mug, he gave only surface regard to the gurglings of Sharon in her blankets and the bickerings of the twins. O'Flynn's mind was elsewhere, reviewing the disasters of a year straight from the devil.

His job had gone in August when Swenson's boatyard folded. He had broken his arm in October. The twins, Beth and Barby, had their tonsils out the first week in December, and the rest of their reserve was gulped in the attempt to scratch something of a Christmas. Then, with his arm mended, deep snow inland had closed the logging woods where he might have found work.

A bad year, and a rotten day. Spinning his drink out, letting the heat penetrate, O'Flynn turned to watch a fisherman splash round the upstream bend. He was a large man, rubbery rather than fat, with a broad red face under a duckbilled cap. A long-handled landing-net was slung from his shoulder, and a can of salmon eggs hung from his belt.

The man waded to O'Flynn's pet spot near the head of the riffle. He flipped a short cast, his rod bowed, and the kingfisher stutter of his reel assaulted their ears. Jaw hard set, O'Flynn watched him follow his hooked fish downstream.

"Why didn't you catch that one, Daddy?" There was reproach in Beth's voice, and more than a hint of dwindling faith.

O'Flynn got to his feet. A man does not swear before women and little children; he kept the rough words bottled. But the iron was in his soul, and his eyes were bleak.

"Luck, my dear," he told Beth. "His good luck, my bad."

"It wasn't just luck," his wife said to him quietly. He gave her a stricken look where she knelt toasting the twins' wet socks on a willow fork. "A man fishes with the heart as well as the hand, Rory. Your own words, in case you've forgotten."

She reversed a sock, and her blue eyes regarded him tenderly. "Put on a fly, you silly fellow. Go fish that run as your grandfather would have, with your heart in it."

His stiff face cracked wide in a grin. His shoulders straightened. "You're a witch," he told his wife in gratitude. "Marya my sha, I love you."

"I love you, too," she answered. "Now, trot along. You've only fifty minutes left."

HE divorced the bait hook from his cast with a nip of his teeth. Striding down to the riffle, he pondered over the fly box open in his hand, and picked at length his granddad's favourite: Golden Demon.

Braced in the current, he worked out line. Often big steelhead travelled in pairs; a second fish might lurk there. O'Flynn settled into the routine, fishing each cast out, moving down a step and casting again, swimming the Golden Demon through every foot of likely water as he had been taught to do in his boyhood.

He was well down the flow when the twins started some sort of brannigan among the willows. O'Flynn threw a frown that way, making a note to warm himself by flaying both seven-year-old bottoms when time afforded.

The line tightened softly against his fingers, an elfin pluck. And then, through fly-rod and seventy feet of line, he felt the solid resistance, the heavy check, as if his hook had fouled a sunken log.

No snag, but a steelhead! Here was potential deliverance for a hard-pressed family, prize money packaged in fins and tail.

Spray flirted in a glittering fan. A silver side gleamed as the fish rolled in a downstream turn. O'Flynn whooped once to his wife, "Fish on!" Then his reel began to scold, and the friction of the out-surging line was burning the frost from his thumb.

Marya burst out of the bushes, running along the bank more like a young girl than the mother of three. Even so, his fish ran faster. If it's a buck, O'Flynn told himself, a grimly worried, happy man, he will head for the next deep and I'll kill him dead in twenty minutes. A doe, and she'll blast off for salt water with all jets burning.

Lord, he prayed between clenched teeth, keeping the rod tip high, gently braking with his thumb, *Lord, let this one be a lazy lout of a buck.*

His wife addressed him from the shingle. "A sprat! A six-pounder!"

This was an old game, an amiable belittling, but today her voice had a brittle sound. O'Flynn knew she was just as anxious, no less frightened than he. "Well, grind him in. Why fiddle with him?"

"Sprat?" O'Flynn said, and his chin jerked at the wire-taut line, the nodding rod tip. "Six-pounder, is it?" His fish was still ripping off line, boring its way down the fast water to the quiet glide below.

"Foul hooked," Marya told him. "Jigged through the back, no doubt, against the Derby rules."

He spared her a look, the lovely girl, where she poised on the freshet bar with her pale-silk hair blowing past her pointed face. Even in jeans, his old army jacket shrouding her, she was altogether dainty, a china shepherdess of pink and white. You'd not guess the steel in her, the rawhide toughness of her slender five foot one. It was she who had prodded him into spending dollars they couldn't afford on fishing licence and Derby entry fee. He'd been ready to quit a few minutes ago, frozen out and hopeless. She had put fresh spunk into him from her own limitless reserve.

"I'm disappointed in you," she said to him lightly now. "Stay with him, though, Rory. At least he'll give us our Sunday dinner."

But she knew she couldn't fool him. There was more of white than of pink in her intent face, and the fingers of both hands were crossed tight. This steelhead mightn't take first prize, or even third, but Marya was as sure as he that they'd tied to a fish that would win some kind of prize. If he could land it, they could weather through till spring on the proceeds. If he lost it, then for the children's sake they must accept her father's offer, return east on that old curmudgeon's bounty, to city smog and crowded streets and little tame hills that easterners called

O'Flynn sipped the hot coffee, letting it warm his body. But his mind was elsewhere—reviewing a year of disasters

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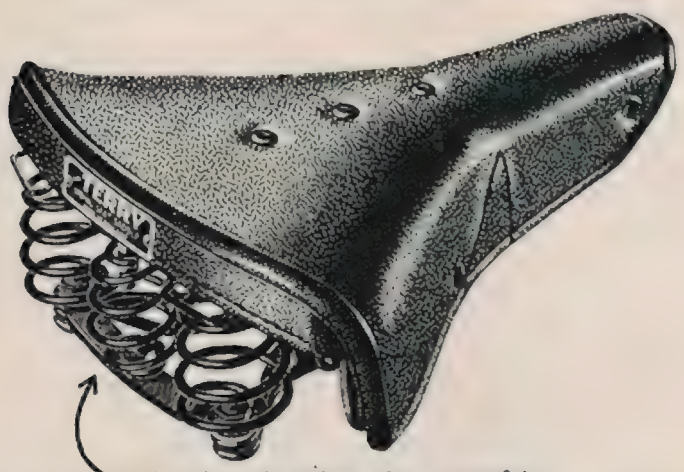

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H1956P

"Fish on!" O'Flynn whooped to his wife, and at once she went racing along the bank to help him. She ran fast, but the great fish was faster . . .

mountains. There'd be work for him in her father's plant, an office job, safe and steady. . . .

At the prospect, O'Flynn's thumb bore down on the reel. The fish surged. "Watch it!" Marya cried sharply. "He's coming up."

O'Flynn dropped the rod tip as a great, bright shape curved against the hard sky at the top of its head-shaking leap. The steelhead seemed to hang in air for seconds, while O'Flynn's heart froze solid in his chest. No buck, but a doe fish fresh in from the salt. She'd fight him as a male never would. He couldn't kill her; with great luck, and better rod handling than he'd given any fish before, she might just kill herself.

"Don't lose him, Rory." Marya had dropped the belittling game. "He's very big."

"Big enough, I think." He felt confident and no longer cold. "Look, tell the twins to keep the fire up and Sharon out of the river else I'll have their hides." His steelhead was on the move, gathering speed, forging downstream at a pace that ate the green linen backing off the reel. O'Flynn started in pursuit. "Come along after me," he ordered his wife in a farewell shout. "I'll have no one but you on the gaff."

The fish might jump again, but he didn't think so. She was running, still running, four hundred feet from him now, and he was still yielding line.

A branch creek channel opened before him. O'Flynn lunged waist-deep through it.

Turn, you beast, he urged, splashing along with the black ironwork of the railway bridge well in sight. *Turn and come up to me!*

When he was a boy on the Quilachip, his home the very farmhouse he and Marya had bought from strangers three years past, he had watched his granddad fight a summer fish, a strong eighteen-pounder, along the same course. But this brute was heavier by five pounds at least.

O'Flynn forced his thoughts out of that channel. The fish wasn't his yet. It might never be his. The cast would take a steady strain with the spring of the limber rod to cushion it, but a hard jerk would snap it like carpet thread. And it was old—one of the batch bought a month after he'd fetched his family out to the West Coast against the choleric protests of Marya's father.

"You're my daughter, dammit!" her dad had roared at her; and "Rory's my husband!" she'd banged back at that tyrant of a man, confronting him with a will even stronger than his own.

I've done poorly by her, O'Flynn thought. *She deserves better than she got. But I will not lose this fish.*

Under the railway trestle, someone hollered, "Fish coming down!"

Squinting along a tumble of white water, O'Flynn saw two contestants reeling in their lines as they scrambled to give him clearance. Old stagers, he guessed: anglers who'd learned the game in his granddad's time, when a man took his manners with him to the river. But even with temperature close to zero and the Derby almost over, a dozen rods were still at work along the flat between railway and highway bridges. One tangle, one other outfit fouled, would give his fish all the chance it needed to smash free.

MARYA was back, wading out with the current battering her. She edged towards him, reaching for the gaff hook stuck through his belt. He felt its handle slide past his hip, heard her voice in his ear.

"Half an hour, Rory. Better turn him, if you can."

"I can't," he told his wife crankily. "And it's not a him. I'd have gravelled any buck fish by now. Only a damned wrong-headed stubborn female would be this contrary." He tightened the reel drag a quarter turn. "Give me a smoke, will you?"

She lit a cigarette for him, cupping her hands man-style around the match, soaking her jeans above the knee as she waded out to place the cigarette between his lips.

"I expect she's battling for her unborn children," he heard her say, her voice half lost in the grumble of the river. "It's a natural instinct and one can't blame her. But don't lose her, darling. Please don't. She isn't the only one."

"We're expecting again?" He whipped a full glance at her, beetling his thick black brows in a scowl. "Marya, take yourself out of this cold water at once! I'll manage the gaff myself."

"I'm not cold," she said, pacing him still, dangling the gaff from a fragile-seeming little hand. "I thought you'd be pleased, Rory. You've always told me you wanted four. I hope this time it's a boy." Marya shielded her blue eyes against the last of the sun-glitter. "She's coming up. Is she going to jump?"

The fish didn't leap. It lay just under the surface, dorsal tip and one tail lobe cutting the flow. By the distance between tail and fin, O'Flynn judged her to be forty inches long at least. She no longer ran, but lay on an even keel, showing no silver, not wobbling in the slightest. No use kidding himself. The quarter-mile run hadn't frayed the edge of her strength. She was a green fish still, fresh and weighty and very powerful.

The creature's in better shape than me, O'Flynn thought dourly. His arm had mended well but was still weak from disuse. Even through the cold he could feel the sharpening ache. He frowned at his wrist, and it was trembling.

The two elderly anglers had plodded up from the railway bridge. "Nice fish, son," one of them shouted. "Don't hustle her."

His white-haired partner corrected him. "Nice fish, my foot! Boy lands that one, he wins the car and you know it. He's only got an eighteen-pounder to beat for first prize."

A drawling voice chipped in. "You're 'way behind the times, gents. I just flopped a twenty-three pound buck on the scales." It was the large, rubbery, red-faced man who had wiped O'Flynn's eye before his family. He stood a little downstream, staring out to where the line cut the water, his enormous landing net grounded between his boots.

O'Flynn heard him chuckle. "Hell, this one ain't so big. Why don't you lay into him, mister? Fetch him in here where I can hoist him for you?"

I don't trust you, boyo. The thought, sharpened by fear and envy, flicked across O'Flynn's mind. *You'd like fine for me to break her off, you fat bagoon, you with a big one waiting to be beat.* But the minutes were passing. If he were to beat the finish gun he must stir his fish up, get her moving, let her use her strength and lose it. But on light line three years old, he could force the issue only so far. He contested within himself, striving for a mean between recklessness and overcaution, while the steelhead hung in the current

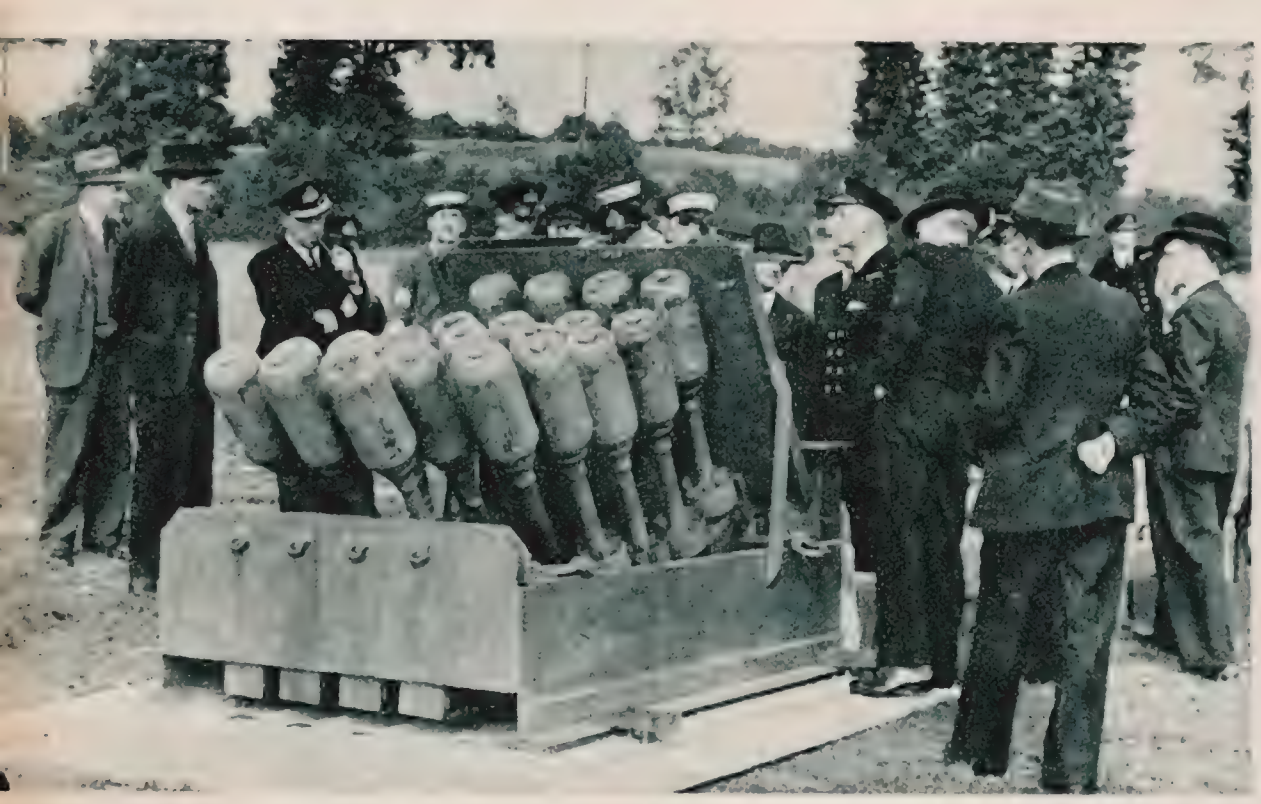
Continued on page 30

Wizards at War

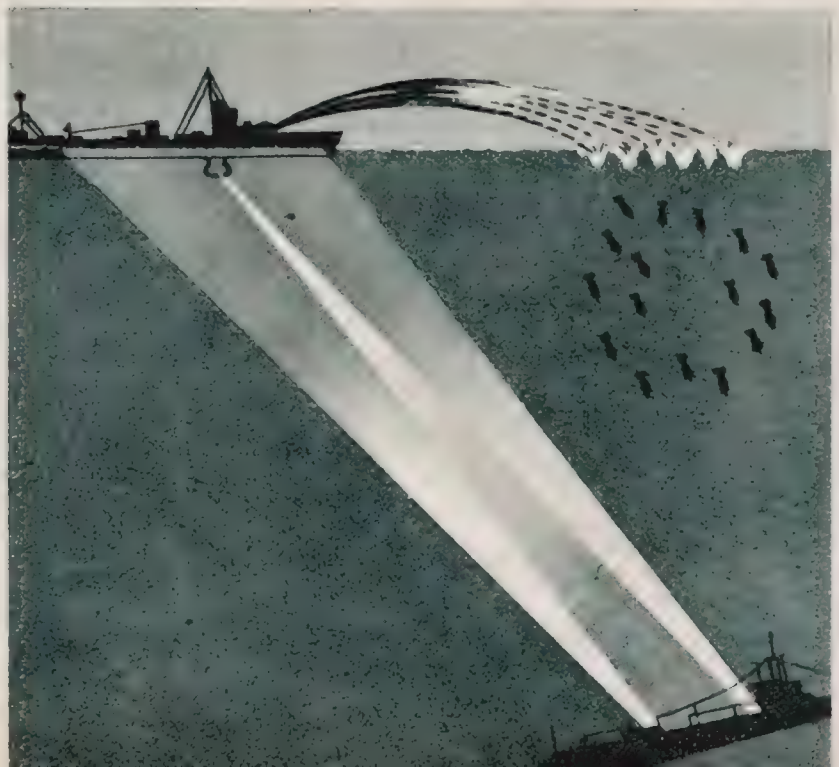
by GERALD PAWLE

Hedgehog conquers Winston Churchill

Climbing gracefully through the sky the projectiles turned lazily, like well-drilled marionettes. The prime minister was enthralled. Here was the weapon to beat the U-boats!



Early trials with a Hedgehog mortar. By the end of the war the weapon had sunk fifty U-boats



The beam from an Asdic dome locates a U-boat and gives the Hedgehog crew the range they need

PART 2

At the height of the London blitz in 1940, Winston Churchill called a midnight meeting at 10 Downing Street. On the agenda was a remarkable proposal—to strike at the raiders by firing into the sky by rockets a curtain of wire supported by parachutes.

The idea of wires in the sky was not a new one. It had already received the attention of the Department of Wheezers and Dodgers—the men who were fighting in what Winston Churchill has called "The Wizard War."

The Wheezers and Dodgers—officially the Royal Navy's Directorate of Miscellaneous Weapon Development—had been set up in the grim days after Dunkirk to improvise quick, easy-to-produce weapons. The team included a tree-culture expert, a former cowpuncher and an engineer who later became a famous novelist, Nevil Shute Norway.

The Wheezers and Dodgers had adapted for sea service an ingenious R.A.F. device called the Parachute and Cable: rockets carried steel cables into the sky and parachutes held them there to provide a temporary balloon barrage.

And there was another weapon in use: some warships had been equipped with a multiple projector which threw up bombs and masses of wire. The prime minister had taken a personal interest in this projector, and noticing one mounted on H.M.S. Nelson when he visited the battleship at Scapa Flow he had called for it to be fired.

The result was unfortunate, for not enough allowance was made for the wind, and one of the wires drifted back on to the ship, where it became entangled with the wireless spur on the mainmast and exploded violently.

Mr. Churchill was quite unperturbed, his cigar remained clenched tightly between his teeth, and staring up at the mast he observed dryly, "I think there's something not quite right about the way you are using this new weapon of mine."

At the midnight meeting it was obvious that the idea of a whole minefield laid in the sky had captured the prime minister's imagination. He listened impatiently to the technical difficulties, and then said firmly: "I want a square of wire in the sky as big as the Horse Guards Parade, with parachutes holding it in place. We need

The men on the Westcott waited in silence. This was the moment which would test months of anxious work. Then came the heavy rumble of exploding charges, etching in the sea the outline of a submarine

four hundred projectors and four million rounds of ammunition. . . . Just think of it, gentlemen, the difficulty for an aircraft trying at the last minute to avoid a thing the size of the Horse Guards!"

The experts were sent away. While they were wrestling with the problems of the suspension method and the rockets, the idea of a minefield in the sky was independently suggested to Charles Goodeve—the Wheezers and Dodgers' scientific head—by a Commander Fraser.

Fraser was serving in the Admiralty boom defence organization, which handled the supply of wire rope for the navy. He suggested hanging wires from balloons to cripple enemy bombers. Goodeve detailed Denys Richardson to think over the idea.

Eventually Richardson's researches took him to the balloon establishment at Cardington, and gradually a novel device took shape which demanded neither aircraft to launch it from the sky, nor rockets to lift it from the ground.

The Free Balloon Barrage—or F.B.B.—consisted of hundreds of separate units. Each of these units included a large rubber balloon filled with hydrogen. When the balloon reached a certain height a mechanism released two thousand feet of thin piano wire, which had a parachute to anchor the lower end. At the same time a small but powerful bomb—a yellow container swinging on a board beneath the balloon—became alive.

From this moment any moving object which came in contact with the wire set in motion a train of unpleasant events. Any pressure on the wire sent air billowing into the parachute, the wire tautened, and the bomb was dragged down towards the target.

As it struck, a spring rim which surrounded the outside of the container was tilted out of its normal position, and the bomb exploded instantaneously.

As the design of the new infernal machine took shape it seemed brilliantly free from complications, but in early trials its behaviour proved quite unpredictable. After a certain time in the air the apparatus was supposed to destroy itself, but if there was a leak in the balloon it would float gently to earth in a highly dangerous state.

THIS would not have mattered so much if the public could have been warned to leave these strange objects alone—but the F.B.B. was top secret. A.R.P. wardens in the London district had to be let into this secret to a certain extent, but the mechanism of the device could not be explained to them. They were merely told that on certain nights, "when weather and other conditions are suitable," a new form of night defence might be operated. If they sighted a type of mysterious contrivance during the hours of darkness, and "a light appears to be burning underneath the hood, an explosion may be imminent."

The balloons, wires and bombs fell across railway lines, stopping trains; they landed on high-tension cables and fused all the power for miles around; they came down in open fields, and farmers complained that they could not get their cows in for milking. In the department the aftermath of the early launchings was chaotic and a special flying squad was formed to race round the country in small plain vans recovering the apparatus before reckless civilians blew themselves to pieces.

Two of the leading retrievers were Tony Tolman and John Francis, the youngest member of the department. Tolman genuinely enjoyed handling explosives, but even he was startled when he answered an S O S from the Dorset village of Piddletrenthide. The village constable had reported that he had some strange objects in his back garden, and when Tolman arrived there in the Admiralty van he discovered, lying side by side in the yard, two of the familiar yellow containers with only two feet of wire still attached to each.

"What an extraordinary thing! Did they fall together just there?" he asked.

"No!" said the policeman proudly. "I put them there myself."

"But where is the rest of the wire?"

"Well, you see . . ." explained the constable. "These things came down in a field about a mile from here, so I cut off the wire and brought them back with me. I reckoned they'd be safer."

Tolman stared at him in amazement. "How on earth did you move them here without blowing yourself up?"

The constable peered at the two containers. "You reckon these things are some sort of bomb, then?" he said, obviously impressed. "I just tied them on my bike and rode back."

Francis had another experience of this beginner's luck. Calling at a Hampshire farm he said to the owner:

"I hear you have a bomb somewhere on your land?"

"That's right," said the farmer. "But it's safe enough now. I've taken her to pieces. You'll find the bits on the kitchen table."

After one of the early launchings a recovery team was sent to Epping Forest. One of the department's officers had some difficulty with an F.B.B. unit wedged in the upper branches of an oak tree. He eventually cut it free and was lowering it gingerly to the ground when a

The drinks are different

KIA-ORA
SUNCRUSH

Made from the whole fruit

KIA-ORA
Fruit Squash

Made from the juice of the fruit

the quality is the same

stranger who had been watching the operation with some interest called out sarcastically: "I reckon you chaps are making a lot of fuss about nothing. You're not telling me a little tin like that can do much harm!"

This was too much for the young sub-lieutenant, who had already ruined an almost new uniform in his struggles in the treetop. Picking up the container he hurled it into the undergrowth. It exploded deafeningly. The critic was blown flat on his back.

On December 29, 1940, word came that the Free Balloon Barrage was to be given its first large-scale trial. It was the night of the big fire raid on London, and for some hours after dusk furious activity centred on Hatfield. The launching arrangements were on a prodigious scale, for to transport the hydrogen and other equipment to the windward side of London in the time available eight hundred lorries and trailers were needed.

The department's officers had their misgivings over such an early test. There had not been time to give proper trial to all the different components of the barrage, and Richardson, for one, feared a debacle.

THAT night, at the height of the terrific raid on the capital, nearly two thousand of the lethal balloons were dispatched in two and a half hours, and as the department party waited at the control centre at Hatfield the reports which flowed in confirmed their fears.

The area over which the balloons were expected to drift had been mapped out in three zones. Some thirty per cent of the units failed in Zone A, nearest to the launching site. A further fifteen per cent came down over London. In Zone C another thirty per cent came to grief. One F.B.B. unit landed in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, some reached the South Coast and several crossed the channel to France.

Messages reporting the discovery of straying F.B.B. bombs poured in from far and near, and to retrieve them all before they caused casualties or damage set the department a major problem.

Dozens of Boy Scouts were roped in to help, and Francis, commandeering a fire engine and several firemen, scoured the immediate district. Soon the police station nearest to the control point was crammed with wire and unexploded bombs.

Before any radical alterations were made to the F.B.B., it was decided to stage a special test in Bedfordshire, and there, a few days later, two hundred of the balloons were sent up. The fuses were set to ensure that on this occasion the bombs and wires all fell in a relatively small area. Even so an unexpected snag occurred.

Fifty sailors had been loaned to the department to help with the recovery of the units for examination. They marched in orderly lines through the fields gazing intently to right and left, but their total bag was a meagre half dozen. To men searching on foot the thin piano wire and yellow containers were almost invisible unless they stumbled right upon them. In desperation, Richardson dismissed the sailors and drove to the nearest riding school, where he hired every horse in the place for the afternoon.

It was a successful and unforgettable experiment. Few of his team of R.N.V.R. officers had ever ridden before, and as hedges and ditches had to be jumped most of the volunteer horsemen fell off again and again. Between them, however, they tracked down almost every bomb. When they got back to the Admiralty, Richardson laid the bill from the riding school on Goodeve's desk and asked how payment should be made. His experience suggested that the Director of Navy Accounts would look askance at an account for the hire of fourteen horses.

Sure enough, Richardson's account was swiftly returned with a request for further information, and although he wrote across it: "No alternative form of transport available" (the standard excuse always given by naval officers for hiring taxis) the navy accountant next demanded to know why Admiralty vans had not been used. To this Richardson tersely replied: "Journey made over ploughed fields and hedges," and the correspondence ended abruptly.

Tony Tolman measures the lift of a Free Barrage balloon. When he and three colleagues tried this test in a refrigeration chamber, gas made them drunk

WHEN the gear launched near Bedford was examined in the department two main causes of failure were discovered. First, the wire was not unreeling smoothly when the balloons reached their operational height. This was a serious problem, for if the wire became tangled on release the vital parachute at the lower end would fail to open. If an aircraft hit a kinked wire this would snap instantly and the bomb would never come into action.

By patient research the source of the trouble was located. As it unreeled, the wire had to pass through a narrow hole in the board which held the bomb in place—and the edges of these holes were not smooth enough. It was decided that the only instrument guaranteed to bore really smooth holes was a red-hot poker, so an emergency squad of fifteen R.N.V.R. lieutenants set to work in an attic in the Admiralty, heating pokers and thrusting them through the thin bomb platforms. They all wept copiously as they toiled in a dense haze of acrid smoke from the singeing woodwork.

The F.B.B. team then turned their attention to failure number two. It seemed fairly evident that the safety valve which was supposed to prevent the balloons from rising too high was not functioning consistently. Intense cold might be causing the safety valve to jam, so Tolman and three other officers were told to test this theory at a fruit research station in Kent, where there was a vast refrigerating chamber. Hydrogen cylinders and arctic clothing were issued to them and they set off for West Malling.

The task of the quartet was to observe the changes of buoyancy in the balloon when exposed to rapidly lowering temperature. One by one they crawled into the refrigerating chamber, which was sealed after them, and sat shivering in front of a huge dial while the balloon floated above them. Insulated from the outer world, the officers found the quiet oppressive, and the atmosphere made them so drowsy that they had increasing difficulty in jotting down the data they were collecting.

Although on the first day they each spent only half an hour at a time in the chamber they felt decidedly queer as they walked back to the guest house where they were staying. At tea one of them set fire to his trousers without noticing it, and they all went to bed early, suffering from severe headaches. On the second day the after-effects were even more pronounced and in some concern the proprietress rang up the nearest doctor.

"I wonder if you could come and have a look at four of our guests," she said. "They're naval officers and I think they're all mad."

When the doctor arrived he was shown into the garden. Although rain was falling in torrents the four officers were all sitting in deck-chairs on the lawn. Two of them were reading evening newspapers upside down and all were howling with laughter. For two days, without realising the gradual effect, they had been inhaling gas in the refrigeration chamber. After this they cut down the time spent in the chamber and drew lots for their spells of duty.

The F.B.B.'s next operational launching was

Continued on page 45

For Love of a Lady

by ***GARNETT RADCLIFFE***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

How the people jeered! But Allah had decided. . . . If he, Ibn El Omar, conquered the Cliff of Death, the fairest rose of them all would be his

ACCORDING to my old friend Sheikh Ibn El Omar, Shulimaya, daughter of Mansar Ali Hakim, the richest man in Thilan in the Hadramaut, was the fairest of all women. She was a young horse galloping on sand; her eyes were pools in the wilderness; her teeth were snowflakes in a cavern of sweet desire.

It was in Thilan itself that he told me this. I was paying a long-promised visit, and I was waiting to be conducted into the presence of his Chief Wife, Mother of his Sons.

Thilan is a walled village on the top of a cliff overlooking the Wadi Hadramaut. It is a very terrible cliff. I have an average head for heights, but when I looked down and saw the *wadi* like a green and brown map criss-crossed by watercourses hundreds of feet below, I longed to fling myself over.

Holding my arm, for we were near the edge, the sheikh pointed out a tiny projecting shelf of rock fifty feet below the cliff top. A long time ago, he told me, when he was but an ugly stripling, nicknamed the Camel Calf by the tribe because of his ungainliness, and when he was very shy and poor and considered only fit to marry with Ganiyda, an unwanted orphan, a white rose had magically sprouted on that rock. A bird must have dropped a seed that had struck root. It was a very beautiful rose and it shone like a jewel fallen on the dark red cliff.

Shulimaya, then at the height of her beauty and desired by all men, was one of those who came to gaze at the rose. When she saw it, she cried: "That is the only flower in the world that can match my beauty. I will marry the man who proves his love by climbing the cliff and picking it for me."

Had she been less desirable, all Thilan would have derided her, for the cliff had never been climbed within memory of man, and was called the Cliff of Death on account of its extreme danger. But because she was Shulimaya all the young unmarried men in the tribe quarrelled for the honour of being the first to venture his life.

At last they left the choice to Allah by planting a long stick upright in wet sand and standing round it in a circle until the sand dried and the stick fell.

When it did, it was found to be pointing direct at Mahmud Hasan. And Allah had chosen wisely, for Mahmud was well favoured and was called "the Leopard," because of his agility and courage.

Mahmud gave praise to Allah. Next morning, watched by the whole tribe, he dared the terrible climb. Shulimaya, magnificently dressed in Indian silk, stood in the foreground to watch him prove his love.

Mahmud proved his love, but he never reached the rose. Though he climbed as swiftly and surely as a fly running up glass, he was betrayed by a rock that turned beneath his foot. He fell to his death crying aloud the name of the fair Shulimaya.

Allah had decreed that her beauty was not for Mahmud. The race was still to be won, and again the young men planted a stick in wet sand and stood in a circle and prayed while they waited for it to fall.

This time it fell pointing to Abu-Sayyid, who could run like a gazelle and jump on the back of a trotting camel.

He was certain of victory. As before, Shulimaya stood in front of the tribe and watched him climb until he was level with the shelf on which the rose grew. When he had reached that spot he found he could neither ascend nor descend, nor could he move to right nor to left.

For a space he hung, then his hands failed, and he fell crying the name of Shulimaya.

At this point I said: "And what happened then? Surely you gave up the attempt after two deaths?"

"Ah, sahib," the sheikh replied, "when you are a young man and the blood is fire in your veins, there is naught you will not dare for love.

"A third time we formed a circle. Allah made his choice, and the falling stick directed itself towards my feet.

"All Thilan laughed. Sahib, I was not then as you behold me now. Now I am a sheikh you can see my fields and my herds in the *wadi* below, and behind us is my house where the mother of my sons is directing the servants who prepare a feast in the sahib's honour. But then I was poor and unknown. They called me the Camel Calf and said I was only fit to marry Ganiyda, who wore rags and swept the camel lines.

HE paused and then he said: "Sahib, when I heard this mocking, I could have prayed the cliff was twice as high that I might the better prove my love.

"But though my heart glowed like fire, I left nothing to chance. Before I made the attempt I studied the cliff face as a man studies a book he has to commit to memory. I noted every shelf and every projecting rock that might afford a foothold. I noted where Mahmud and Sayyid made their mistakes and I planned my route accordingly.

"They asked Shulimaya if she would not prefer to ignore my candidature that they might put the stick in the sand again and let fate elect another suitor to make the third death-climb. But Shulimaya only smiled, baring her beautiful white teeth.

"'Does it matter that he is clumsy or uncomely of countenance? If he is willing to die for me, it is right that I should promise myself to him so that he may have a truly glittering prize to sustain him during his arduous attempt. Let Camel Calf climb for my white rose. Whichever hand is destined to pluck it, I am determined that that flower shall be mine.'

"Then all the tribe laughed and mocked at me again. 'Climb, ungainly stripling!' they jeered. 'Let your miserable body be dashed to pieces that you may claim the attention of the beautiful Shulimaya for one brief and glorious day and prove your unworthy love.'"

THE sheikh's eyes were bright as he recalled that day. "When I dared the Cliff of Death, the whole world came to gaze," he said. Word of Shulimaya's beauty had drawn men from far and wide. From Do'an and from Makullah, from Rhiyan and Salallah. Sheikhs and emirs with their followers had ridden fast to feast their eyes upon the fairest woman in the world. She stood before them unveiled, and lovely as a houri.

"But it was I, the despised Camel Calf, who climbed to win the prize they all desired."

The sheikh laughed. "Ho, ho, sahib, and I may tell you I climbed like a camel. I was not swift, but I had strength and perseverance. When I found a firm foothold, I rested. I took no risks I could avoid, and I never let go a hold until I knew the next was firm.

"There fell a great silence as they watched me rise higher and higher. I found myself alone with the wheeling hawks and death. I was afraid, but love glowed in my heart and warmed my courage.

"There was no foothold below the shelf on which the rose tree grew. When I had gained that spot I hung by my hands and I smelled the rose's fragrance and saw it shining like a star above my head.

"Then, putting out all my strength, I raised myself until I could grasp the stalk in my teeth. Not for nothing had they nicknamed me the Camel Calf. I severed the stalk with my teeth and then, holding it in my mouth with great

Shulimaya stood radiant in the sunlight. This was the moment for which she had yearned . . .

care lest I should blemish the rose, I continued to climb, using my hands only, for there was no foothold.

"While death and the hawks waited for me to fall and the watchers on the cliff top turned away their faces, I wrestled with the cliff. It was as if the rock hated me and strove to fling me down.

"When I was very near the top, my right hand slipped and for a space I was suspended by my left alone. But the perfume of the rose whispered to me that My Beloved was waiting; and, though the sky wheeled and all went black before my eyes, I raised myself by one arm alone until my chin was level with my hand and I reached upwards as if I were reaching for the throat of an enemy.

"By the grace of Allah, my hand caught the very edge of the cliff. My left hand joined it and, though death strove to pull me down, I dragged myself on to level ground where I could stand upright.

"When the darkness had left my eyes, I saw the tribe as it were a forest. In front of all stood Shulimaya, radiant as an unsheathed sword flashing in the sunlight. She was smiling, her hand extended for the rose. . . ."

The sheikh paused for a moment. Then he went on: "Sahib, I passed her without even word or glance. While the drums rolled and the ibex-horn trumpets roared in my honour I strode to where someone stood unwanted and lonely apart from the crowd. She was in rags, her hair dishevelled, her face disfigured by much crying.

"I knelt before her and I placed the rose in the hand of My Beloved. . . ."

My old friend the sheikh paused again, looking down the terrible, sheer face of the great cliff.

Then he turned away.

"Sahib, we must make haste," he said. "I have delayed in the telling of the story, and the Lady Ganiyda, mother of my sons, awaits our coming." THE END

Jumping to the colonel's orders

Under Jack Talbot-Ponsonby, Britain's Olympic riders won a Gold Medal in 1952. Will he spur them to another win in this week's contest in Stockholm? *by DAVID MILLWOOD*

DURING a demonstration last April by the British Show Jumping team at Taunton, Somerset, a dog dashed out at one rider from the ringside. Inside the ring, Colonel Jack Talbot-Ponsonby, a lean, long-limbed Irishman of forty-nine who is the team's trainer for the 1956 Olympic Games, watched anxiously as the dog gave chase. Complete concentration is one of the important points of his training technique.

When officials of the British Show Jumping Association, who were also inside the ring, joined in a chorus of shouts to warn the rider, he called out sharply: "Be quiet and leave him alone!"

The shouting ceased abruptly, the dog gave up the chase and the rider, Wilf White, completed his round of the course. When it was pointed out to Talbot-Ponsonby that the officials he ordered to be quiet included members of the Show Jumping Association's executive committee—his own employers—he said: "Yes, I was very angry with them: they should not have interfered with a member of my team."

Talbot-Ponsonby's uncompromising attitude towards interference with his training technique, and his handling of horses and riders during training, brought him a large share of the credit for Britain's gold medal for show jumping at the last Olympic Games at Helsinki in 1952. He is recognized as Britain's foremost expert on show jumping and as the unseen leader of the team which competes in the Olympic equestrian events at Stockholm this week.

Although best known as a trainer, Talbot-Ponsonby is himself a champion show jumper. He is the only rider, other than Colonel Harry Llewellyn, to have won the King George V Cup at the International Horse Show on three occasions, so winning it outright.

Coolly confident himself in the ring, Talbot-Ponsonby tries to induce a similar attitude in his teams. He normally speaks in a soft voice and has a quiet, unassertive manner. "Jack gets what he wants out of his riders by suggestion rather than command," says Major Geoffrey Gibbon, manager of the Olympic team.

After watching Pat Smythe taking practice jumps on Flanagan one morning recently, he suggested that she should shorten her rein. She did so and immediately improved her performance.

"Most faults with horses of this calibre are caused by the rider, not the horse," says Talbot-Ponsonby, "but even the most experienced riders may not detect them. It needs an expert on the ground to pick them out."

On each day of practice, he is on hand to give advice and criticism. "On the face of it," he says wryly, "my job consists of nothing more than standing around in a field watching the jumping." In fact, each rider consults him constantly at practice and also before a demonstration or competition. At a contest such as the Olympics, he watches the performance of rival teams before giving last-minute advice to his own.

After weeks of practice jumping, he concentrates on timing, clocking each rider's performance with a stop-watch until they have learned to maintain the correct speed of four hundred metres a minute.

Since 1949, Talbot-Ponsonby has been training teams for the Show Jumping Association in addition to the jumpers and hunters that clients send to him at his Leicestershire stables. For competition in the Olympic Games he trains a team much larger than the one that will compete. This enables him to "juggle" with horses and riders to get the best combinations, and also guards against accidents during the training period.

Talbot-Ponsonby (left) gives advice to Pat Smythe. Leading riders consult him constantly

THE probable team for Stockholm is Wilf White on Nizefela, Pat Smythe on Flanagan and Peter Robeson on Scorchin. It was chosen from twelve of Britain's leading show jumpers and riders who assembled for training at Windsor Forest Stud last March and have since given demonstrations up and down the country.

"I had a pretty shrewd idea at the start which riders and horses would eventually go to Stockholm," says Talbot-Ponsonby, "but a lot can happen in three months." Within four weeks, he lost two riders, Susan Whitehead and Captain the Hon. John Brooke, and one horse. Susan Whitehead fell and broke her collarbone; Brooke's horse, November's Eve, went unaccountably lame, and he left the team.

The training this year for the Olympics consisted of practice jumping at Windsor, demonstrations by the team at horse shows in England and competition in Switzerland at the Lucerne International Show last month. The cost of the training, including air transport for four riders and six horses to Stockholm, is met by the Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund, which has allocated £19,000 to the British equestrian teams.

Air travel, says Talbot-Ponsonby, is preferable to a more tiring journey by sea although it involves the trouble and expense—about £1,000

Peter Robeson first rode Scorchin at Lucerne last month. Now they compete in the Olympics

Britain's show jumping team was chosen from twelve riders after training at Windsor Forest Stud. Left to right: Wilf White, Dawn Palethorpe (reserve), Pat Smythe and Peter Robeson

—of a trial take-off. A few weeks ago, following their appearance at Lucerne, he took Nizefela, Flanagan and Scorchin and three reserve horses to Blackbushe Airport, supervised their loading into special wooden crates and watched their reactions as the plane revved up and taxied back and forth along the runway.

"Some horses create a devil of a fuss if their movements are closely restricted. It is important to know in advance what size and type of crates are suitable."

The characteristics of each rider's mount are important to a trainer—even a horse's taste in food. Foxhunter, Colonel Llewellyn's horse, goes better if he gets some of his favourite food—horse nuts—before jumping. On the evening before the contest at Helsinki, Llewellyn reported to Talbot-Ponsonby that he had been refused access to the aircraft which flew the team from England. Foxhunter's sack of nuts was still aboard the plane. Together, they organized a raiding party of three to retrieve the sack.

At Helsinki airport, two of the party engaged the guards in conversation while Llewellyn crept to the plane, seized a sack from the baggage compartment and crept back to his car.

"We were so busy congratulating ourselves on the success of our cloak-and-dagger scheme," he says, "that we did not immediately examine the sack. When I opened it, I found it contained horse manure. There was nothing for it but to repeat the manoeuvre. Luckily, it went off without a hitch. Foxhunter got his nuts, and made show jumping history next day."

Since the last Olympic Games, public interest in show jumping has rocketed. Television has helped to turn it into a sport with a mass following. Attendance at the International Horse Show at the White City last year was 110,000—thirty thousand more than in 1951.

Courses at this week's Stockholm Olympic competition are kept secret until the day of the contest—the Olympics team gets its first look at the course at 7.30 a.m. At Windsor, however, Talbot-Ponsonby erected every type of obstacle that the team might have to face, including water jumps, banks, ditches, brushwood fences and parallel bars. "All we know for sure," he says, "is that there will be sixteen feet of water at one jump."

During training, he works to develop the liaison between horse and rider to the point where there is willing and instantaneous co-operation between them. When Mary Marshall's horse, Nobbler, caused trouble through disobedience, he rode it himself for a few days to "teach him to behave."

Use of the whip is necessary sometimes, he says, to remind the horse there is a job to be done. "The public don't realize this. When Harry Llewellyn whipped Foxhunter once in full view of the television cameras, he received hundreds of angry letters from viewers."

If he considers that a horse would be better matched with another rider, Talbot-Ponsonby may need all the tact he can muster to make the suggestion to the rider he is replacing—particularly if he is an international champion. During part of the Olympics training this year, he transferred Aherlow, Colonel Llewellyn's horse, to Peter Robeson. "There were no hard feelings," says Llewellyn. "I fully approved."

Talbot-Ponsonby, the son of a professional soldier, was born at Kilcullen, in County Kildare, but moved to England in 1921. He has two children, aged twelve and twenty-four, and lives a few miles from the Leicestershire village of Husbands Bosworth. He made his name as a champion horseman while serving with the 7th Hussars. Horsemen were first trained by him at the now defunct Army Equestrian School. He retired from the army in 1938 to become a professional trainer.

EARLY this year, he put aside his routine work and moved into a furnished cottage at Ascot, Berkshire, a few miles from Windsor Forest Stud, which is owned by the Queen. When the Queen learned that the Olympics team needed a suitable training ground, she offered the use of the stables and six-acre paddock free of charge. Talbot-Ponsonby gratefully accepted.

A keen horsewoman, the Queen has been following the training of the Olympic team with interest. One day last March, three weeks after training began at her stud, she arrived to meet the team and to see how the training was progressing.

Talbot-Ponsonby recalls the occasion with certain embarrassment. The jumping was not an impressive performance, he says: all the team made faults of one kind or another. The first rider explained to the Queen that a better performance could be expected at Taunton the following week: after three weeks of routine practice at Windsor the horses were getting tired of the place.

"The same point was rammed home by each rider," says Talbot-Ponsonby. "Fortunately, the Queen has a sense of humour. After hearing the same excuse six or seven times she turned to me and remarked with a smile: "What a pity that none of your riders seems to like my field, Colonel!"

THE END

Wilf White takes a jump on Nizefela. In one ride a dog chased into the ring, but White kept his concentration and finished the round

THE PROVING FLIGHT

by DAVID BEATY

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Bellamy was stunned. Sir James was gambling lives to keep the Emperor's fearful secret

EMPEROR ALFA DELTA skimmed the water. Seawood, the first officer, stared in horror. Surely the first runway lights were *above* the aircraft? Southwaite, the navigator, muttered: "God—we're low . . . !"

It was the end of a flight of terror. Bad weather delayed the Emperor, Britain's latest airliner, on her much-boosted first attempt to fly London—New York direct. And then some mysterious defect sent her skeetering crazily across the sky—out of control for long, agonized minutes. . . .

Sir James Joliffe, chairman of Air Endeavours, the firm which owned the Emperor, was gambling on her success. He had personally selected the two commanders, Captain Bellamy and Captain Cavendish. But there was trouble. Cavendish, a veteran pilot of immense dignity, was not hitting it off with his younger colleague.

More trouble—or the threat of it—loomed in the galley: the two pretty young stewardesses, Angela Knight and Lalette Greenacres, eyed each other jealously as they thought of Andrew Bellamy. . . .

Now, as the plane hurtled towards the blunt end of Runway Zero Four, jutting out like a breakwater at Idlewild airport, it looked as if the ill-starred flight was going to end in complete disaster.

The Emperor's tail juddered frantically. Her nose came up, shaking as though in a fit. She was on the point of stalling when Cavendish put her down. There was a fantastic noise as the starboard wheel thundered on to American soil. . . .

PART THREE

New York Shouts "Welcome!"

NEXT day, the American press surprised everyone by being both gentle and generous. The assumption had been, before the Emperor left England, that the newspapers' attitude would be one of guarded and unenthusiastic interest. The airlines of the U.S.A., all highly-prized advertisers in the press, had made it plain that they were very, very lukewarm about such a service until *they* had an aircraft with sufficient range to do it. American manufacturers, naturally and vehemently, wanted to be the first to build that aircraft.

Then the delays, the diversion to Iceland, reached the headlines before the Emperor touched down. Feeling had hardened from an off-cold shoulder to unveiled suspicion. And yet she received a thundering welcome.

Such a reversal of popular expectations happened quite simply. The fact was that, after a particularly unfriendly fracas over the Middle East, a feeling was in the air that the time was overdue for the two allies to smoke a pipe of peace together. And late that night New York editors, with no other news on their plate, looked at the curiously sad little picture of the Emperor and her occupants and said benevolently: "We'll play it up and give 'em a break."

Next morning, in the second-best suite in the Grand-Plaza Hotel, Sir James was over the moon. He rang for all the morning's papers, and headlines on the front page of the first he looked at cried: WELCOME EMPEROR!

Excited, his eyes scanned two whole columns, below the photograph. The delays and difficulties were minimized. The storms over the Atlantic were stressed as being unprecedented. The common sense shown by the diversion to Iceland showed this was no flash-in-the-pan bid for supremacy over the North Atlantic sky, but a well-balanced, well-planned confident campaign that boded well for the future of the aircraft and the service.

Sir James could hardly believe his eyes. Quickly he tore through a dozen other papers. Though the language varied, the tone and the friendly feeling of all of them were unmistakable.

He went down to breakfast in excellent spirits, ate with relish and returned to his room. There, waiting on his desk, were two envelopes. The first was an invitation to speak at an American aeronautic dinner that night. The other requested his presence at the American Aircraft Manufacturers' annual cocktail party.

He slapped his plump thigh with delight. "Excellent!" he murmured. Now the publicity ball had started rolling, there would, he knew, be other invitations, other opportunities to spread the Emperor's good name far and wide over the American continent. Too many for him alone to handle.

But he had help. He had a number of his fellow-countrymen on hand. More important still, they were also on his payroll. This afternoon, he would summon them to his suite.

In the Coronet Hotel, the men of the Emperor were all awake, but none of them was overpleased with life. The first lap of the Emperor's proving flight, no matter what it said in the papers, could hardly in their eyes be described as a triumph.

Angela turned

In Room 1016, Southwaite, the navigator, was phoning Rawlings, the engineer, in 603. "Ready for breakfast, Red?"

"Will be, Alex, in a couple of minutes."

"Come up to 1016, will you? And I'll give Jimmy Seawood and Hooper a call."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, all four of them were in Southwaite's room. Though it was past eleven, none of them expressed hunger.

Hooper, the Emperor's radio officer, said: "Well . . . you haven't really told us, Red. What do *you* think is wrong with the damn plane?"

Rawlings shrugged his massive shoulders. "Could be any number of things now—after Cavendish's performance last night. He's broken one of the undercarriage struts, you know."

Hooper said: "I've been in a good few bad landings but——"

Rawlings broke in, "And d'you know what

o go, her anger against Bellamy rising. "Thank you about the drink," she said, haughtily, "but I don't think I'll bother"

happened last night after we got back from that party? Cavendish catches me up in the foyer. 'Mr. Rawlings,' he says. 'I'd like a word with you.'

"To tell you the truth, I thought he was going to say thank you for helping him out with the landing.

"Then I looked at his face. Death warmed up, but the eyes fairly blazing."

Southwaite said mildly: "He was a bit upset with himself about landing."

Rawlings snorted. "Wasn't upset with himself at all! He was mad. Mad with—with me!"

Hooper's eyes opened wide. "Why ever you, Red?"

"He said: 'That landing tonight was your fault. You were giving me at least a thousand r.p.m. more than I asked for. When I came to pull the throttles back, I must have had just about take-off power. Naturally, when I took it off, we came down with a bang.'

"I said to him: 'Look, Captain, I agree I gave you more power than you asked for. And if I hadn't, we'd have made our landing in the water. The Emperor may be a lot of things, Captain,' I said, 'but she's not a bloody flying boat.' "

"And what did he say to that?" Southwaite asked.

"Well, of course, he blew his top. Said: 'Mr. Rawlings, I shall report you for disobedience to orders, impertinence and gross insubordination. I shall write a full report of the incident the moment we get back.' "

Hooper looked at Rawlings. "And then?"

"I just said, '*If* we get back.' Shut him up like a clam."

And even in repetition, ten hours later, the same magical quality had not worn off the words. It shut all of them up like clams. . . .

Meanwhile, at Idlewild airport, Cruttwell, the engine designer, was speaking triumphantly to the chairman of Air Endeavours on the telephone. "Well, sir . . . taken us all night, but we've fixed the undercarriage."

Sir James's voice came echoing back to him. "Excellent . . . excellent, Mr. Cruttwell! That's splendid. And the other little thing?"

His brain fuddled by lack of sleep, the engineer did not quite catch on. "I beg your pardon, sir?"

"You've found out the cause of the trouble over Labrador?"

"We haven't had time to get around to that, sir."

"Get around to it immediately! We have a much-advertised schedule to maintain."

Pained and surprised, Cruttwell said: "We'll do our best, sir, but there's more to it than you seem to——"

"Don't manufacture your own difficulties, Mr. Cruttwell. Makes your work twice as hard. You've got my orders quite clear in your mind?"

Through the engineer's tightly-compressed

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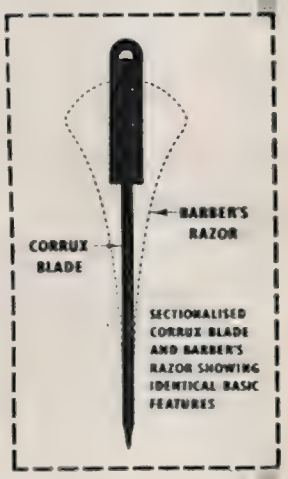

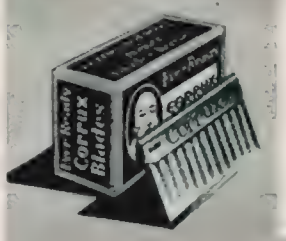

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lips, a sound came out just recognizable as an affirmative.

"Good!" The chairman's voice became once more as balmy as a Bermuda breeze. "Then all you have to do is to carry them out. Thank you, Mr. Cruttwell. . . ."

That afternoon Sir James gazed round his suite at the Air Endeavours personnel on his payroll. "Now I regard all of you," he began, "as potential salesmen. . . ."

Then he came straight to the point. "Since this morning's great publicity in the papers," he went on, "invitations have been pouring in to me, to make appearances on the radio, on television, to meet politicians . . . the press . . . business organizations. I shall do my best to attend as many of them as I can, but obviously I can't go to them all. And that"—he leaned towards them with his never-failing smile—"is where *you* come in.

"Now let me see . . . the American Aeronautical dinner. I shall be going there. As regards the others"—he picked up a piece of paper—"I will read out a list of names and times and places, if you would be good enough to note down the ones that concern you."

With Cavendish, the chairman remained tactfully considerate. The idea had struck him of having the most senior captain of Air Endeavours make a TV appearance with one of the most junior employees, Miss Knight—air experience and air youthfulness side by side, so to speak, if Captain Cavendish could see his point.

The iron-grey moustache in front of the mask-like face seemed to twitch an affirmative.

For the rest of them, it was orders. Rawlings and Hooper would attend a rally of air scouts in Central Park. Southwaite and Seawood would help each other out at a reception given by aircraft instrument manufacturers. Chief Steward Hamilton would go to a dance held by the American customs and immigration people.

"And there is one other function," Sir James said. "Rather an important one. The Air League's gathering. Captain Bellamy will handle that—and I think it would be an excellent idea if Miss Greenacres went too."

Bellamy appeared to take the news indifferently, but the girl looked pleased. She looked across at Bellamy, and the chairman saw a half-smile curl round her rather nice lips. . . .

ANGELA KNIGHT hurried away from the get-together on her own. She wasn't altogether displeased with her assignment. She couldn't help being conscious of the fact that to be chosen to go with the most senior pilot in the company was no mean honour.

She had not been in her room long when the telephone rang. Impatiently, she picked up the receiver. It was Lalette. Would Angela like to have tea with her? No, Angela couldn't.

She put the receiver down, and wished that she'd said yes. But the wretched girl had sounded so full of beans that she couldn't have tolerated an hour and a half in her company.

And then she remembered. Of course, Lalette had been teamed up with Bellamy. She smiled to herself. Lalette had probably only wanted to see how Angela was taking it. Probably imagining a discomfited rival.

Well, as far as she was concerned, she wished them joy of their evening together.

She sat down at the writing table and tried to do a few letters, but it was useless. She got up and went down to the hotel coffee bar for tea.

Half-way across the foyer she saw Bellamy. She was in no mood to talk to him just then, and she turned away. But he saw her and came over. "Hello, Angela," he said. "Can I buy you a cup of tea?" She wanted to refuse, but he put his hand under her elbow and she found herself walking beside him.

In the coffee bar Bellamy said: "So you're going to appear on television? With Cavendish." His voice sounded mildly amused.

"Yes," she stirred her tea. "And you're going with Lalette, to the party. That should be quite nice." She paused. "For you."

"Very nice."

"It must have been quite hard for Sir James to decide which one of us to send with you."

"I don't imagine he lost much sleep over it."

"Nor you, apparently." Her anger against Bellamy was rising again.

Bellamy leaned forward. He said: "Look, Angela, you're tired and strung up. Finish your

Continued on page 33

"This is a minor thing," said Bellamy. "But in aeroplanes, minor things——" Joliffe flailed the undergrowth. "I understand completely," he said

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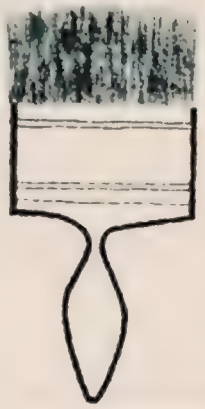

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Milkshakes and champagne have helped Charles Forte to build up a £5 million catering empire

Fortune on the menu

by RENÉ LECLER

"What the boss can't see can't be very good." Forte makes sure he misses nothing

Among Forte's many properties in London's Piccadilly Circus is the historic Café Royal

Two hours before the public opening of the new London Airport buildings last year, caterer Charles Forte discovered that because of a power failure, service lifts did not work and there was no hot water in the kitchens of the restaurants he had taken over. Wordlessly, he walked down to the kitchens, took his coat off and helped to heat water on electric rings for the washing up. When the first travellers entered the restaurant every item on the menu was available. Said one airport official: "It was the first time I had ever seen a millionaire doing the washing up."

One Easter Monday at the Festival Gardens, Forte saw a few uncleared tables in a snack bar choked with customers. He grabbed a trolley and spent half an hour picking up dirty crockery.

This productive restlessness is everywhere evident in the career of the ebullient, Italian-born, Scottish-educated Londoner who, from a first snack bar opened in 1935, has now become the owner of the second largest catering enterprise in Britain with an annual turnover of £5 million and three thousand employees who serve 50 million customers every year.

Within sight of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, Forte owns one and a half acres of expensive bricks-and-mortar property, and his neon signs shine on three sides of the Circus. Among 120 catering places, he runs sixty-four restaurants and milk bars, twelve pubs and hotels, thirty-seven banqueting rooms, Battersea's Fun Fair and the catering side of London Airport.

He has recently taken over the Hungaria Restaurant in Regent Street because, as he put it: "We did not have a dine-and-dance place." And there is no sign that he is slowing down in what one American visitor once called "the most successful Roman conquest of Britain since Julius Caesar."

A small, dapper man of forty-seven with a taste for well-cut dark suits and handsome ties, Forte combines a native Italian shrewdness and intuitive knowledge of food with a go-getting British business realism.

Concentrating on London, he shows little enthusiasm to expand into the provinces. "What the boss can't see can't be very good," he says. But his eye is on all his London establishments and he pays about 350 unheralded visits a year on his 231 managers and field executives.

Eric Hartwell, his assistant managing director, says: "Charles's eruption into a bar is typical. I would look at the tables behind the counters to see if they were clean. He looks at the undersides of the counters. Then he tumbles downstairs to make sure that the old ladies who do the washing up have enough cups of tea. He knows that's what they want: he used to wash up himself."

Says Forte: "In this business it is far easier to make money than to get good men. If you have good people working with you the rest takes care of itself."

When he decided to serve fish and chips in one of his restaurants near Piccadilly Circus, he asked his directors one question: "Who fries fish best and in what?" For a week, executives became fish-and-chip tasters and eventually produced the answer: a man who lived in Cork, Ireland, and a machine made in the north of England. Forte said two words: "Get them." The man joined the firm a week later.

Forte believes that the essence of catering is to get people to go into an eating place and see them leave happier than when they came in. Once, inspecting a new cafeteria, he saw a queue caused by a slow, inexperienced cashier. He told her to stop taking money and let sixty people go past her without paying. He told the manager: "Customers must be served quickly, smoothly and happily. I won't stand for queues."

But letting people by without paying is not his habit. At the prewar opening of his third milk bar in Leicester Square, he and Hartwell installed Sabu, the Elephant Boy, behind the

counter to hand over free milkshakes to thousands of sightseers.

Taking Sabu to a party half an hour later, Forte suddenly stopped dead, turned to Hartwell and said: "Did you tell them to start charging?" Hartwell replied that he had not. Forte sprinted back to the bar where by then the biggest crowd in London was getting free snacks. He fought his way in and rang the till.

Forte's directors have an immediate interest in good management: with Forte himself, his brother and his sister, they are the sole holders of the company's shares. Despite the stresses and strains of an expanding organization, Forte has steadfastly refused to put up a single share for public sale, and has learned to confine his enterprise to catering.

"I was once interested in a travel agency," he says. "It folded up and I lost £70,000."

Forte rarely occupies the chair behind the desk in his office. He restlessly paces up and down, chain-smokes and talks with a faint trace of Scottish accent. He listens easily but fidgets when people talk too long. He hates routine and prefers to act on the spur of the moment.

Every morning between nine and ten his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce glides down Regent Street. Forte has perfected a way of jumping on and off amid the Regent Street traffic without stopping the car. In Hampstead he lives quietly with his wife and four children, Rocco, Olga, Maria Louisa, and Irene Amanda, in a handsome, modern Georgian-style house.

THERE are over five hundred Fortes in Britain and most of them are in the catering business. Charles, the most successful of the clan, says that the Forte invasion is due to one great-uncle, squire of the village of Mon Forte, south of Rome, who was kidnapped by bandits in the 1880s. The family had to rake the bottom drawer to find his ransom and the impoverished Fortes sought fortune elsewhere.

The great-uncle returned to Mon Forte and then travelled to Britain, taking four-year-old Charles with him. While he founded the south coast chain of Forte soda fountains, Charles lived with his mother in Alloa and went to Dumfries College.

At seventeen he was back in England working for Uncle Dominic, who ran an ice cream parlour at Weston-super-Mare. Dominic was a bit of a martinet, a food faddist and a physical culture fiend. Every morning he roused Charles at dawn and took him for a two-mile run along the front and then into the municipal baths for a cold dip.

"I learned a lot from that tough old chap," says Forte. He earned £4 a week, scrubbed floors, served at counters, made the ice-cream and cut the sandwiches.

Charles Forte worked in the family shops in Weymouth, Bournemouth and Brighton. "London attracted me but my father was against a move: he believed you could sell snacks only at the seaside."

In 1935, when he was twenty-six, Forte travelled to London with his savings of £1,100. Forte walked from the City to Portland Place. "In all that distance through the heart of London there wasn't a single place where the chap in a hurry could eat or drink quickly. You had to sit down and order. I didn't think it was right."

In the evening he stood outside an empty gown shop in Regent Street and with a ticker in his hand counted the people who passed until midnight. Next morning he rented the shop.

In December, 1935, he opened the Meadow Milk Bar. "I did not want to call it Forte's," he says. "My family were against the venture and there had never been a Forte failure." About 11 a.m. on his first day, a middle-aged woman entered, walked gingerly up to the counter and asked for "A meadow milk bar, please." By the time he closed he had taken less than £6.

For months he worked from 8 a.m., till midnight, and gradually people ventured inside. He experimented all the time, but it was many weeks before he sold anything as ambitious as a bowl of soup: people did not think one could drink soup standing up.

Business was slow. Relatives visited him and said: "Come home and stop this nonsense." Forte's answer was to rent the shop next door. "The secret," he says, "is to have a largish place in a busy street."

Within eighteen months, he opened two more bars, in Charing Cross Road and Leicester Square. When war broke out he had five; by 1946 he had three more and was paying £30,000 for the lease of Rainbow Corner, London's biggest snack bar. He moved his headquarters three times for expansion and his bakery four times to make more rolls and pastries. He started making his own ice-cream, soups, sausages, hamburgers and hot dogs.

"Good sites are essential," he says. "Some people boggle at paying high rents. I welcome paying £60,000 a year. If the site is worth that it must be good. I never take risks; it's simply a matter of calculation."

WHEN Forte took over the Criterion's Marble Hall in 1947, he planned a gradual, three-year campaign for the acquisition of all the shares in this London landmark. Within three years of gaining control, he raised the turnover from £80,000 to almost half a million.

Two years ago, when the Café Royal went up for sale, Forte weighed up its banqueting tradition and its £80,000 wine stocks, and told an associate: "My skin tingles." He raised loans for a good proportion of the £280,000 cost, bought the property and repaid the loans within a year.

One day two years ago Forte was lunching with Sir Leslie Joseph, who had managed the L.C.C.-owned Festival Gardens. Sir Leslie mentioned that the gardens were up for tender. Forte said: "Why don't we take it on, you and I?" Sir Leslie says: "By the time coffee came along we had a brand-new business all fixed up."

They have this year repeated the process by buying a third share and managerial control in Manchester's Belle Vue. On Easter Sunday they walked fifteen miles, personally assessing its thirty catering places which range from a small kiosk to a ballroom for three thousand people.

Before Forte's first Espresso coffee bar opened, experts tested thirty-one different blends of coffee. The night before the opening, with all the publicity arranged and workmen still hammering, Forte walked in urbanely, in evening dress and with the usual red carnation in his buttonhole.

"Let's have a look at this coffee," he said. He sipped a cupful, turned his eyes ceilingwards and said: "Send the workmen home. We aren't opening tomorrow. Coffee's not right."

Says Hartwell: "We had an argument right there, in the middle of Jermyn Street. But he won." THE END

Fish of gold

Continued from page 15

and the rod held its steady arc, the line taut as a banjo string.

Marya must be reading his mind. "Tickle her," she said. "It's the only way."

With the nails of his right hand, he began to tap the rod above the cork grip, knowing each small jar would carry down the line to devil the fish sulking there.

His gallery had multiplied. Men kept drifting down from their bonfires, and a good few women. But he was aware of the spectators on shore only in an abstracted way, as if they were no more than a pack of shadows.

O'Flynn was very weary. He wished his left arm would go numb again. Almost, he wished the cast would break.

He put that traitor thought from him: his tapping became a rhythm, and presently words matched themselves to it, a tag from a poem learned long ago in school.

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber! To whom the Romans pray. . . ."

His fish began to wag her head. The rod tip quivered to each vicious shake. It was a deadly manoeuvre. He could see too clearly in his mind the hook enlarging the hole it had pierced, fraying the tough jaw cartilages, ready any second to tear free.

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber. . . ." From utter tiredness his thoughts turned foolish, wandering down metaphysical alleyways. He had outraged his river with a stinking gob of salmon eggs. But he had loved her only less than wife and children, and surely the Quilachip owed a man something for such devotion.

The water boiled. O'Flynn eased his thumb from the reel as a shocking pull ended the stalemate. The steelhead flailed the surface once with her spotted tail, turning downstream, gathering the line over her shoulder. Flynn's backing began to whine out.

He ran, clumsy in the chest-high waders, staggering on greasy stones of the river bed. Shadow was over his head, the water black of a sudden, almost too deep for wading. He was under the railway span, his fish on the other side and still whistling off line. Below along Bridge Flat, fishermen studded the shallows thick as raisins in a loaf.

Rocks clattered. Marya scampered down the far slope of the railway embankment in a shower of rubble. She had shed the jacket; her pink sweater bobbed ahead of him along the shingle. Toiling after the fish, O'Flynn saw his wife dispensing charm among the contestants who blocked his course. Good scouts, most of them. They were taking their rigs out, giving him a clear path along the flat. But in two hundred yards, he had gained not an inch of line.

A new worry intruded upon him. Beyond, past Log Jam Pool, the Quilachip spoke with a deeper, more menacing voice. The steelhead had now run him almost half a mile from the spot where he had hooked it—a lot farther than any fish had ever taken him before. Below Log Jam, Dead Man's Run waited to break his gear and his heart.

Marya came out to him, breathless and sweetly flushed.

"Did those birds on Bridge Flat give you any trouble?" he asked her.

"They were mostly gentlemen. All but one, in fact."

"How'd you move him, my dear?"

"I told him," said his china shepherdess, "that he'd get a rock in his puss if he didn't haul out."

She stayed with him, tagging a pace behind him along that easy drift.

"Perhaps I'm wrong, Rory, but I got the impression you weren't too pleased about us having another child."

"Pleased? I'm delighted! It was just the time and place you chose to tell me."

"I meant to last night, but it slipped my mind. . . . That man with the landing net is still with us, if it interests you."

"Watch him," O'Flynn charged her, and said no more, for the fish was down the short riffle and into Log Jam Pool.

The beach was spacious here, and the dozen fires, the clustered anglers, gave it a picnic air. It became smaller suddenly as O'Flynn's gallery swarmed on to it in a stampede that carried to the water's edge. O'Flynn recovered line while the steelhead sulked for a while. He wound till no more than sixty feet separated him from his prize.

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber . . ." he breathed, shaky and all but exhausted, brain as well as body slowed by the hard day, the long fight. This was his final chance, the place of decision. The wickedest rapid of the river snarled below. If his fish broke out of the pool, went over into Dead Man's Run, it was lost to him for ever.

A mittened hand reached out to him. It held a mug, and the mug steamed heavenly with coffee and rum. But another, smaller hand whisked it away.

"The state you're in," Marya told him, "it would go straight to your head. You'll need your wits about you, Rory."

She said pleasantly to the Samaritan who had offered the drink: "Do you mind if I keep this myself? I can use it."

O'Flynn leaned into his fish. It responded, coming up sullenly from the deep. He lifted again, saw the dorsal break water and heard a collective sigh from the watchers behind. The large man with the landing net was edging into the shallow; O'Flynn flashed his wife a glance of supplication and warning.

Marya splashed out on an intercepting course. She said in a honeyed voice: "Kind of you, but we'd rather handle this ourselves, if you don't mind."

"With that bitsy gaff?" The drawl stayed easy but the little eyes were mean. "You want him to lose his fish?"

"It is a tiny gaff, isn't it?" Marya agreed. She stood small and pink-cheeked and appealing. "But adequate," she said, and the whetted

DOGS—1

I like a bit of a mongrel myself, whether it's a man or a dog: they're the best for everyday.

George Bernard Shaw

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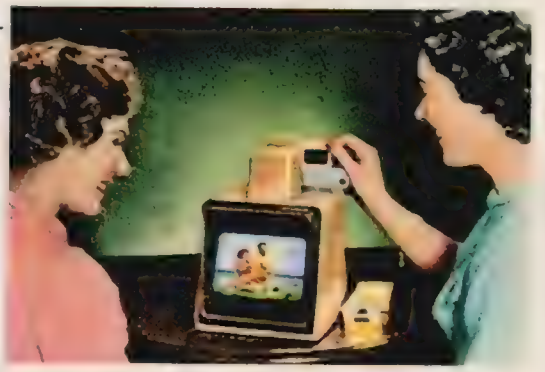

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steel claw gleamed in the twilight. "Quite adequate!"

O'Flynn gave his wife a tense grin. She said to him, dreamily almost: "If it's a boy, we'll call him Ransom, of course. With Blakesley for his middle name, after my father."

"It would please the old warlock, I'm sure," O'Flynn muttered. "And if this goes wrong, that may be necessary." He took a backward step, the fish coming with him. "The joker with the net may try again. Don't take your eye off him, sweetheart."

He spoke too late. A rock splashed into the pool a yard above the tiring steelhead.

Grinning, the beefy man called: "Thought I'd try and turn him upstream for you."

The rod tipped, yanked parallel to the water. O'Flynn's thumb burned. The fish leaped, landed flat on its side with an echoing smack, and drove for the rapids. O'Flynn strained against it, pressing far past the bounds of safety, but to no purpose.

A groan went up from the gallery. One voice, dreadfully clear, twisted a knife in his vitals. "It's going through. He can kiss that baby goodbye."

His fish wavered in the slick at the top of Dead Man's Run, everything static for the moment, strain of rod and line matched to the steelhead's weight and the pull of the sucking current. Then its tail surged once, and the rapid had it.

"Good try, Rory." Even without looking at her, O'Flynn knew Marya was weeping. "Break him off and we'll go home."

A long walk, two country miles on a frigid evening. A bitter hike, with the knowledge of failure to load a man's shoulders heavier than a packsack full of stones.

"I'll not do it," O'Flynn said.

He was no martial Roman like the man in the poem, just a plain man up to his ears in trouble. But he'd been a soldier once, even though his battle scars could not be shown with dignity, and this was the river of his heart. He had misused it, fishing it for money, fouling it with bait, but perhaps it would forgive him.

The words of the verse were flitting through his head, flowing smooth as the backing off his reel:

"Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber! To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"

O'Flynn raised the rod high in both fists, and with face set and stern, marched after his steelhead straight into Dead Man's Run.

He heard Marya scream once, shrill and wild. Her voice reached him, soaring over those other yells of horror and urgent warning.

"No, Rory. No!"

Then the rapid took him, scything his legs from beneath him, slamming at his body with giant fists, hurtling him into a rock chute through which the river roared its way with the fury of hell's own milltails, for a hundred man-killing yards.

He had cast himself on his river's mercy. That current could murder or save him, roll him under or shove him through. He was moving at dizzy speed now, battered and buffeted, the dark walls flashing past. His windbreaker, zippered to his chin and snug around his belly, held a little air, and his waders were heavy enough to keep his feet down.

Vertical in the mad water, only nose and hands clear, O'Flynn felt the Quilachip like a mighty palm against his back, hurtling him through.

"And our good Father Tiber bore bravely up his chin. . . ."

The words skated around his addled brain as the current eased its pressure. He struck out with his feet. His tiptoes touched bottom, scraped and touched again. Then he was staggering on a shoreward tangent, reeling in slack as he floundered towards the jumbled boulders that lined the bank.

His fish was with him still. He could feel its dead weight on the line. O'Flynn ground the reel, piling line on the spool. When Marya slithered down the face of a boulder he had the steelhead clear of the main flow, on its side now, leading like a lamb.

"You're alive," Marya said without conviction. "You fool, you don't deserve to be."

But she squeezed his arm hard, passing him with the gaff, and her eyes told O'Flynn she was not too sorry.

He saw also that the large man with the net was close behind her. Give that one half a chance, O'Flynn thought, winding easy and steady against the unresisting weight, and he'll lose us this fish yet.

Marya shifted her hold on the gaff. She told her husband calmly: "Too many snags here. Swing her into the next bay, if you can. Slack off when I give you the word."

She disappeared around the boulder. Inch by slow inch, O'Flynn led his fish up past root and rock and submerged tree stump. It floated close to the bank, on its side in the deadwater, spent completely. He lifted and reeled, steering it into the bay where he knew, although he couldn't see her, that Marya crouched ready.

She was taking her own sweet time about it. "Gaff her!" he roared in agony. "Quit fooling around!"

His answer was a single, sodden thump. A cap floated out to the current, and a long-handled net swam after it from the invisible bay.

"All right, darling," Marya called to him. "Ease off. I've got her."

His wife, his lovely wife, appeared from behind the boulder. In one hand she swung the gaff. The other was locked beneath the gill plate of a silvery monster, a black-speckled leviathan whose wide tail dragged upon the ground. O'Flynn dropped his rod. He scooped the girl into his arms and

DOGS—2

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. That is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

Mark Twain

kissed her, and she kissed him back with a will, although she did not release her hold upon the fish.

"Him with the net?" he asked her at last.

"Oh, him." She gave O'Flynn an angel's smile, his arms still about her. "You were right, Rory. He tried to break you."

"How bad is he hurt?"

"Not badly. I was going to stick the gaff in him. Then I remembered to be a lady and slugged him between the ears with the handle. . . ."

They sat in the first prize of the Quilachip Steelhead Derby, the four-door saloon car with white-walled tyres, flashbulbs flaring in the dusk. A hot rum was handed in to O'Flynn.

"With your permission?" he asked his wife formally.

"Since you won't be driving," she said to him. And to the twins in the back seat: "Keep your feet off the upholstery, honeybuns. Barby, you mustn't press the window buttons any more."

O'Flynn sipped his drink, warmth and peace flowing through him, the day's weariness draining out. He loved his wife, he loved his children, and the way his luck was riding he'd have Swenson's boatyard on its feet come spring.

Sharon had begun to cry for her bottle, music sweeter to a family man's ears than the mellow strains from the car radio. They'd sell the car tomorrow, but tonight he and his would ride home in style.

"Thank you, Father Tiber," he breathed. He poured the last of his drink in libation to his river and his granddad's shade, and a great fish fairly slain. It was pleasant, mighty pleasant, to think that in the fullness of time he'd be bringing the Quilachip his son. THE END

"No point in locking the door. There can't be anything left"

The proving flight

Continued from page 27

tea and go and lie down. If you feel like a drink later on, give me a ring——"

Angela got up. She said: "I'm going. Thank you about the drink, but I don't think I'll bother. . . ."

That evening Sir James Joliffe stood above a hundred seated diners under a high-ceilinged banquet hall.

"Gentlemen," he said gently, "may I say that *your* encouragement, *your* enthusiasm, has moved me more than I can say.

"Most of you have interests connected with aviation. You know the difficulties. All the enthusiasm we have had up to now, heart-warming though it has indeed been, cannot compare to the *informed* enthusiasm which you have so touchingly displayed tonight. Thank you!"

He sat down while a roar of applause burst around him. It took several smart raps of the gavel before the next speaker could be announced.

Sir James raised his head and let his eyes rest on the ceiling. Now that he came to think of it, there had been really nothing to worry about. If he had felt a bit put out by the Emperor's tantrums, by the landing at Idlewild, it was all over. Cruttwell and Eastlake, still hard at work at Idlewild, would have produced the answer by now.

Just as he had cleared the company sky of every trace of cloud, a little pencilled note was handed to Sir James. It was signed "Hal Matherson," and it went: "How about looking round this old bucket of yours?"

Sir James smiled across the table at Matherson, the president of World Travel. He wrote back: "Delighted. When?"

When he got the note, Hal Matherson mouthed: "Tomorrow," and Sir James nodded again. He would get the press in on this.

Then Hal Matherson dispatched another note. It said: "Better still, how about me coming with you? Will you let me hitch a ride to Bermuda?"

Sir James read it again. This was potential dynamite. Very thoughtfully, he wrote: "Would be most honoured, but afraid impossible. Formalities."

In return he got: "To hell with formalities! Can I?" And then, as the applause for the last speaker petered out Matherson leaned over and said: "I'd get a helluva kick out of it."

Sir James shook his head vigorously.

He was still shaking it when Matherson got up to make his speech. "I guess you boys don't want a spiel from me." Matherson said. "Well, I'm not gonna make one." He waved at Sir James. "The achievement of yesterday's flight, and meeting our honoured friend and hearing him, has just left me nothing to say, except thanks for what you've done for aviation."

He paused. "But before I sit down, there's something else. Sir James has invited me to accompany this historic flight to Bermuda." He gave a wry smile. "When I say invited, mebbe he didn't exactly twist my arm. But the fact is . . . I'm going!"

There were cheers. Hal Matherson held up his hand. "And, looking at our friend, I don't think somehow he's the sort of guy who'd say no to a lady, so I wouldn't be at all surprised if Mrs. H. Matherson didn't find herself included on that invitation, too."

Sir James sat there with a stupefied smile glazed on his face. The glory had gone from his evening.

It ended at last and he gathered the remnants of his jollity around him for the farewells. He was on his way out to his car when, from a group just a little way behind, Hal Matherson's voice boomed out.

"You know," he was saying, "there's just one thing'd make me happier about this Bermuda trip. My two little ladies. Y'know, Clare and Janine. They'll be hopping mad if their Mum and Dad make that first Emperor trip . . . and they get left behind."

"Guess so," said a voice.

"Reckon it was a pretty open invitation. Wouldn't be surprised if the whole Matherson family is meant to be included on that invitation."

Sir James got hurriedly into the car. . . .

The telephone was ringing when he let himself into his suite. He picked up the receiver. "Joliffe," he said.

"Cruttwell speaking, sir." The engineer's voice sounded elated. "At last, we're really getting somewhere!"

"Fine work! *Fine work!*"

"It's not the engines, sir."

"What was that you said?"

"It's not the engines, sir. We've been——"

"I don't want to know what it *isn't*. I want to know what it *is*."

"Well . . . we can't tell yet, sir. That'll take time."

"I must know. I must know by tomorrow."

"But Eastlake and I have to get some sleep, sir. After all——"

"Don't waste your time arguing with me, Mr. Cruttwell. Get back to that aeroplane. I'll give you twenty-four hours flat to get the Emperor serviceable. . . ."

ON Tuesday morning Sir James sat in his suite with Payton, the Air Endeavours line manager, uncomfortably aware of his isolation in a foreign land.

He was like a general who had advanced too far ahead of his own troops. By that unexpected leap forward in the dark forced on him by Matherson, he had exposed the Emperor's flanks to acute danger from attack.

"A triumph . . . last night!" he said, to reassure himself. "They were generosity itself. The least we can do now is to give Mr. and Mrs. Matherson a ride down to Bermuda."

"The *very* least, sir." Payton paused before asking tentatively: "You've phoned the airport this morning, sir?"

"They're still working," Sir James said shortly. "No change."

They lapsed together into gloomy silence. Then, suddenly, the telephone

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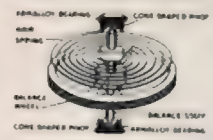

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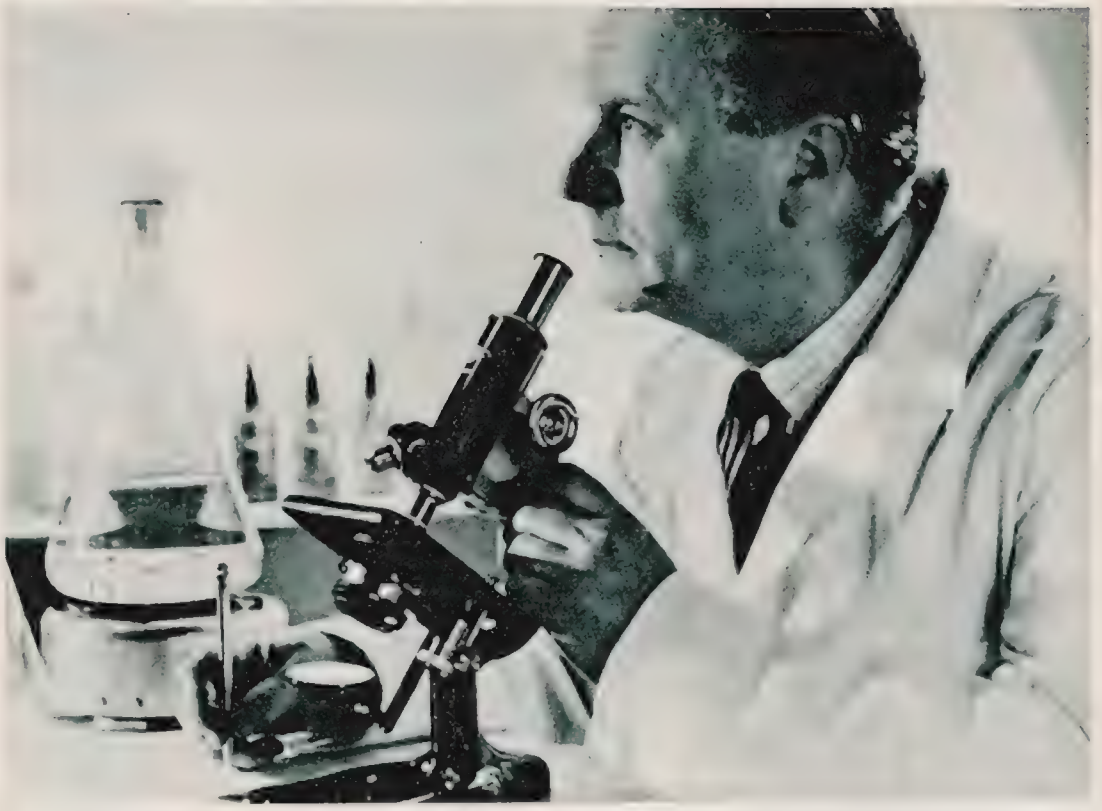

THE ADVANCE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. For years, doctors have known of the amazing muscle-relaxing properties of adrenaline. And now adrenaline—in a cream base—is proving its worth in a new field—the battle against rheumatism. You can buy an adrenaline cream for home use at all chemists. It is called Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.

Is this goodbye to Rheumatism?

by BERNARD BROWNE

A Harley Street doctor, who uses a dramatic new approach to the centuries-old scourge of rheumatism, claims astounding results for the drug adrenaline. In this article BERNARD BROWNE examines his findings

"LITTLE SHORT OF ASTOUNDING." Lord Russell of Liverpool (above) author of "The Scourge of the Swastika" —and himself a former rheumatism sufferer—says of the new Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream treatment for rheumatism, that he knows of cases in which the relief obtained was "little short of astounding."

In 1939 a Harley Street doctor, a victim of rheumatism, had tried all the known remedies, but without success. Both to rid himself of the complaint and to help the millions of other rheumatism sufferers, he resolved to specialize in this branch of medicine.

Accurate figures of the numbers of sufferers were not obtainable then, but today it is reckoned that 3,000,000 is a conservative estimate.

For instance, in a survey of a Lancashire town every tenth house was visited and it was found that one in every three people complained of some sort of rheumatic ailment. That this high proportion is fairly true of the rest of the country is confirmed by another house to house enquiry in Cardiff, where nearly 100,000 people were interviewed. It was also found that nearly three times as many women as men were afflicted and that the disease is most prevalent in the thirties and forties.

The type of rheumatism which goes by such names as fibrositis, lumbago and muscular rheumatism is by far the most common. In fact it is believed to be responsible for 95 per cent of all rheumatic pain.

This Harley Street doctor, who has spent years trying to solve the riddle of rheumatism, has made two discoveries of vital importance to the great majority of people who suffer from this intensely painful complaint.

First, he has found what seems to be the *root cause of the pain* of fibrositis, lumbago, stiff shoulder and other forms of muscular rheumatism—which is said to be responsible for 95 per cent of all rheumatic suffering.

Secondly, he has discovered a method of *relieving this pain*, a method so effective that it has been described as "little short of astounding," by the eminent author Lord Russell of Liverpool, a man who chooses his words most carefully.

The importance of this doctor's work is enormously enhanced by the fact that the treatment is *so simple and so safe* that sufferers can carry it out themselves in their own homes.

To gain the fullest benefit from it you must understand how a muscle comes to get rheumatism in the first place:

Muscles are made up of millions of separate fibres, each capable of shortening independently. Anyone who has experienced cramp, say of the calf muscles, knows how excruciating the pain can be when a large mass of muscle suddenly shortens and goes into a state of spasm. Exactly the same sort of thing on a smaller scale is responsible for the pain of muscular rheumatism.

Instead of all the muscle fibres contracting suddenly, as in ordinary cramp, a few thousands tighten, forming a localized knot of muscle which may be as big as a walnut or as small as a pea. *It is these knots which trigger off the pain.* So doctors have named them "trigger spots."

The Harley Street doctor's achievement was first to confirm by numerous trials on himself—he suffered severely from rheumatism—and then on patients, that the trigger spots are the root cause of the pain in fibrositis, lumbago and other forms of muscular rheumatism.

Then he went on to discover that by treating the trigger spots with a special cream he had devised, the rheumatic pain could be relieved and usually abolished.

The secret of this cream is that it contains a small quantity of the powerful drug *adrenaline* which, through being rubbed into the skin, can be brought into intimate contact with the offending trigger spots. The adrenaline softens and relaxes the trigger spots—often with astonishing speed—and when they vanish, the pain they cause vanishes with them.

Continued on page 43

rang. It was Amos Appleside, Electra Aviation.

"You remember me, Sir James, last night?"

"Yes," the chairman said. "I remember."

"You've got a mighty fine aeroplane in that Emperor, sir. That's my belief."

"Yes," the chairman said.

"Big, too! How many passenger seats did you say you had, sir?"

"A hundred and sixty on this luxury version."

"Holy smoke!" There was a long whistle on the other end. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, pointedly: "You must have a lot of empty seats down to Bermuda, sir. I've got a free couple of days . . . and we're very interested here in Electra in turbo-props . . . and since you're letting the Mathersons in on the ride, perhaps——"

Knowing he was trapped, the chairman said: "Of course, Mr. Appleside. We'd be glad to have you with us. One o'clock. Thursday——"

". . . and my wife and young Amos. That little boy is . . . as you can guess, sir, mighty keen on airplanes."

"We'd be delighted, Mr. Appleside. Delighted!"

When he put the receiver down, the chairman just had time to say: "It's getting more important than ever to get that aeroplane fixed," when the telephone rang again. This time it was Silkenstein of Sky High Octane Fuels.

"Yes," Sir James said. "Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes. Delighted! One o'clock. Thursday."

Moodily, he rang off and made a note of it. "That's another four," he said. "Certainly gets around."

The telephone rang again. For the next hour it was constantly ringing. Within that hour, half the Emperor's seats had been taken. . . .

HIGH above the hum of Fifth Avenue that evening, Lalette finished her dressing and make-up with a kind of uninspired precision.

She moved away and glanced at the alarm clock on the mantelpiece. Seeing that it was close on seven thirty, once more she felt nervous and shy, and wished she wasn't going.

She took the lift to the lobby, and felt a reassuring number of heads turn as she crossed it.

"Hello, Lalette, there you are." Andrew Bellamy came up behind her and took her arm. "You're looking pretty nice."

"Thank you, Andrew. That makes me *feel* nice."

In the taxi, she settled in her corner and looked across at him. Even if he hadn't been in uniform you would have known that that was his normal dress. The thick, strong neck, the clean line of his jaw, and that economy of movement produced that indefinable air of authority that uniform was supposed to give.

"Lalette——"

"Yes?" He was back on the job now. She could see it in his eyes and the set of his mouth. He had metaphorically put his cap back on. She folded her hands in her lap and waited patiently for the briefing.

"Now, when we get there——"

"Yes?"

"I'll introduce you around. But I shouldn't drink too much if I were you."

"No."

"And don't talk too much."

"No."

"Don't say anything much about the trip over."

The silence that followed lasted until the cab slid in front of the Fourth Avenue portico of the Van Dyck hotel. Bellamy said: "Well . . . this is it."

They both watched the lift-indicator in silence as it marked them up to the second floor.

"Sure you're all right?" Bellamy looked down at her. "Not nervous or anything?"

She half shook her head, and smiled as they walked down the corridor towards the Connaught suite.

"Anything more you want me to tell you?"

This time Lalette put her hand on his arm. "Andrew."

"Yes?"

"I'm not exactly bubbling over now. If I get any more advice . . . I'll get pricked like a balloon."

BELLAMY frowned. Then he opened the door to the reception. They heard male and female voices in talk and laughter, a clinking of glasses. Lalette, after walking into the room, stood a little behind Bellamy. . . .

"And this is Miss Greenacres," Bellamy was saying to Mr. Isherwood, manager of Atlantic Airways.

"Well that's a very pretty name for a very pretty lady. But I guess her other is prettier still."

"Lalette," she said simply.

Mr. Isherwood gave Bellamy a grin. "Now Captain Bellamy here will be talking with these other guys about airplanes moving. You and me, Lalette . . . we'll go and meet Mrs. Isherwood."

Bellamy and Lalette were separated for most of the evening. Lalette was in great demand. Bellamy caught sight of her from time to time, and it was as though, for the first time, he was seeing her clearly. Now he was noticing her tight-fitting dress, and seeing the line of her throat, and the redness of her mouth.

"It's about time we went," he said at last when he had found her in the crowd.

The comfort of being liked had warmed Lalette in its deceptively rosy glow. She took her coat from the cloak-room, and let Bellamy put it round her shoulders. Inside the taxi, she said: "Did we do all right?"

"I think so."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"No." Bellamy leaned forward. "I kept remembering something I hadn't done."

"That's not like you, Andrew."

"And I couldn't wait to put it right." He put his arm round her shoulders.

"What was it?"

"I'd never kissed you."

"No," she said. . . .

After a moment, she added softly. "D'you know something, Andrew?"

"No."

"I'm awfully glad . . . you . . . remembered. . . ."

Just on midnight that night, Eastlake, the Emperor's airframe designer, leaned wearily against the telephone box outside the deserted

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How to get a MILLION DOLLAR MOUTH!

discovered by
ANGELA CLEARY

"Mirror, mirror on the wall," I whispered hopefully, as I have done ever since my first pantomime, "who is the fairest of them all?"

THE mirror's lips were sealed, but a voice behind me said: "You are, darling—your smile's worth a million dollars!" A boy friend's flattery? Well, yes—but it's not all that far from the truth. You see, I was one of the first over here to discover an amazing new tooth whitener called decyl-carminate. Fabulous sums have been spent in developing, perfecting, introducing and actually using this "miracle" material. Now *everyone* can use it—and have teeth *shades* whiter in days.

DECYL-CARMINATE is the vital tooth-whitening agent in a ruby-red toothpaste called "Less." Made in this country under special licence, "Less" Toothpaste is the only toothpaste in Britain which contains this wonder ingredient.

Yet "Less" costs no more than an ordinary toothpaste—and, as its name suggests, it actually goes *twice as far*. Personally, I found a blob the size of a pearl quite sufficient to get my teeth snowy-white and free from stains. Now here's an important discovery I made—you must use "Less" Toothpaste on a DRY brush. Try it—and see the difference!

"LESS" Toothpaste—the newest of the ruby-red toothpastes that are all the rage—has dentists and chemists right behind it. You see, it's ammoniated to fight decay. In fact, you can actually *taste* how pure it is. So if you want a million-dollar feeling in your mouth and a million-dollar sparkle in your smile, ask for a tube of "Less" Toothpaste. It's 1/9½d. and you can get it at all chemists and stores.

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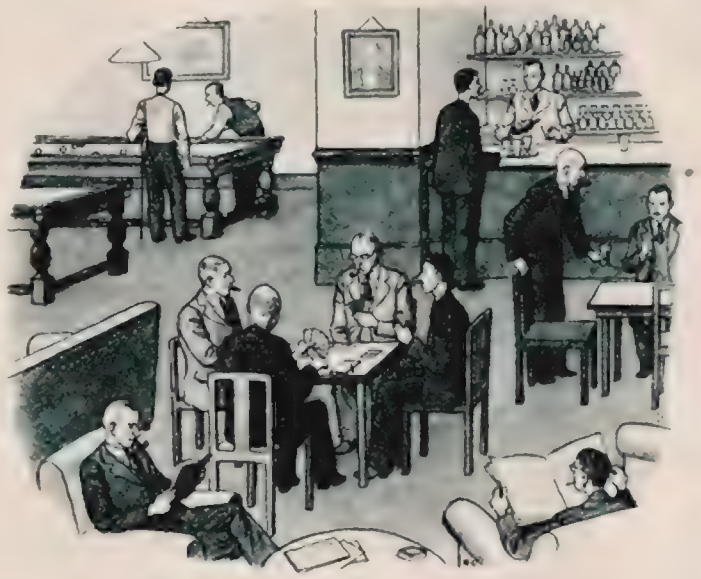
Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 38



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

hangar. Inside, Cruttwell was saying: "We've been through everything, sir. And we can find nothing wrong."

"There *must* be something wrong!"

Cruttwell said: "I don't see what else we can do, sir."

"You can go over the aircraft again. Very carefully. Go through her with a fine-tooth comb. I shall hold you and Mr. Eastlake personally responsible if anything happens on Thursday. . . ."

On Wednesday morning, in the chairman's suite, Bellamy was saying: "I'll give you an outline of our theory, sir. Then perhaps we can discuss what can be done."

"What does Captain Cavendish say to this?"

But Cavendish had nothing to say. Nor had the last two people in the room—the two tired designers.

"Well," impatiently Sir James turned back to the younger pilot, "let's hear the theory."

"It's difficult to reconstruct exactly what *did* happen," Bellamy said. "The engines cut—*fact*. The controls, especially the rudders, got stiff . . . seemed to stick. Fact, too! This last points to hydraulic booster trouble.

"But why did the engines fade? Why should the boosters right themselves? That's what was troubling us."

Sir James murmured: "Two questions that were also troubling *me*."

But all round him, all attention was fixed on Bellamy. Bellamy said: "We can't prove it, but now we think the answer's in the very low temperatures. Just before the front over Labrador, it was minus forty-four degrees centigrade."

"You mean that, after all this, it's just ice?"

"No, sir. The effect of the cold on the booster cylinders . . . contracting the metal so the piston was continually jamming inside. In the air, two of us were straining on the controls to shift the rudder, jammed over hard on one side. When it did move, it jammed over on the other."

"And the engine cutting?"

"We were on one and two tanks. There was still a good deal of fuel left in them, but the level was low. In the sudden swings, kerosene was being washed away from the collector boxes in each wing root, causing the motors to cut from fuel starvation and then come on again."

Sir James's face had suddenly brightened. "Then there's nothing wrong at all now?"

"Of course there is, sir." Bellamy retorted. "The boosters shouldn't do that. In his Mark II booster cylinders, Mr. Eastlake has used a different alloy for that very reason."

"You remember, sir," the airframe designer put in. "Before we set off, I told you they were just ready. I did suggest a day or so's delay——"

Sir James said abruptly: "If I'd adopted everyone's suggestions, the Emperor would still be on the drawing board."

"And now tomorrow's trip to Bermuda, sir. . . ." Bellamy hesitated "Under the circumstances, is it wise to go?"

Sir James said very coldly: "And what would *you* propose to do, Captain Bellamy?"

"Wait here for the Mark II boosters to be sent over."

"Have you any idea of the boomerang effect bad publicity would have on the Emperor now?"

"This isn't a sales promotion matter, sir. It's a matter of life or death."

"Bellamy, you're exaggerating."

The chairman's pink face flushed an angry red. He'd had enough to put up with from the pilots already without this bid to usurp his authority. For that's what it was.

HE drew in a deep breath, and seemed just on the point of blasting the lot of them out of the window. But instead, and in a surprisingly quiet voice, he asked Bellamy: "Now tell me, Captain . . . just as a matter of interest . . . if we kept low on the way to Bermuda, we wouldn't run into any cold temperatures, would we?"

Bellamy said warily: "No, sir. We wouldn't."

"So the present booster cylinders would remain serviceable?"

"Might. Might not. It's still only a theory."

"But it does seem to suit the facts." Sir James looked up at the ceiling and rubbed his chin. "On the New York—Bermuda route you're never more than an hour from an aerodrome."

"A lot can happen in an hour, sir."

"And a lot *will* happen if we stay in New York." A gentle smile of resignation came over the chairman's face. "Nothing in this world is completely safe, Captain Bellamy. We've got to weigh the risks against the rewards. Now, are we going down to Bermuda tomorrow—or aren't we?"

Suddenly there was tension in the room. Then Bellamy said slowly: "Well, if you sent a cable now for the

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On the entry form are listed the key numbers of the 24 pieces of advice, and against each are two or three words giving the basis of the FULL advice. Mark your 10 selections by placing a cross (X) in ink, or ball pen, in the blank spaces against the key numbers of your selections, on the coupon.

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Also WIN **£1,250 CASH** for a FEW WORDS — see next week's "BULLETS" COMPETITION

CHOOSE 10 HINTS BELOW

1. Always remove and replace faulty putty before painting windows.
2. All cracks in walls and woodwork must be filled before papering or painting.
3. Before hanging the first piece of wallpaper mark a vertical for its edge, using a line and weight. Do not assume a plastered corner is a true vertical.
4. Varnish tends to get clearer as it stands. Be careful not to disturb it unduly, and certainly do not stir it.
5. Wallpapers should always be butt-jointed; thin paper can sometimes be lap-jointed but never make the overlap more than ⅛ inch.
6. When painting is interrupted for a few days or less, brushes need not be cleaned if placed in a jar of clean water to prevent hardening.
7. Stand full tins of oil paint upside down for a few days before use, to make knocking-up easier, and shake well before opening.
8. Old trimmings of lino that are 6 in. wide make excellent shields with which to keep paint off window glass and off the brickwork behind pipes.
9. Make sure that the ladder is perfectly safe before going aloft—especially on uneven or soft ground.
10. Self-adhesive cellulose tape makes good masking for windows.
11. Wash new brushes in weak soapy water and then leave to soak in clean water for 6-12 hours before use.
12. To prevent putty from crumbling prematurely, give at least one coat of paint to woodwork before puttying holes or glazing rebates.
13. Always paint a house exterior from top to bottom. This prevents accidents and drips from spoiling newly-painted work.
14. When painting or distempering a ceiling of oblong shape, work in strips across the shorter dimension—not across the longer one—starting from the window.
15. When wallpapering, always start from the window. This lessens the shadows at the joints.
16. When pasting wallpaper move it so that its edge is ¼ in. beyond the edge of the table. This prevents paste getting on to the table and being transferred to the face of the paper.
17. Pointing to brickwork will last longer and the wall be better protected from damp if each horizontal run of mortar is "cut in" ¼ in. behind the face of the brick above.
18. All rust must be removed from metal surfaces before repainting.
19. To remove rusted hinges from gates and doors give the screws a dose of penetrating oil and leave for 24 hours before attempting the job.
20. Don't use a blow-lamp above the upper windows: birds' nests in the eaves might catch fire.
21. Deciding on a wallpaper from pattern books is risky; far better to hold an unrolled strip against a wall in good daylight.
22. Move as much furniture as possible out of rooms to be decorated. Any furniture which cannot be moved should be well covered with dust sheets.
23. In cold weather oil paints (and linseed oil) benefit from warmth. Stand containers in a pail of warm water before use, and always mix thoroughly.
24. Thoroughly wash and remove all old whitewash before redistempering.

Cut around dotted lines

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Place a cross (X) in blank spaces against the key numbers of the ten pieces of advice you select.

Key No.	Basis of Full Advice	
1.	Faulty putty	
2.	Fill all cracks	
3.	Guide line for papering	
4.	Handling varnish	
5.	Joining wallpaper	
6.	Keeping brushes in water	
7.	Knocking-up oil paints	
8.	Lino shields	
9.	Make ladder safe	
10.	Masking windows	
11.	New brushes	
12.	Paint before puttying	
13.	Paint from the top	
14.	Painting a ceiling	
15.	Paper from the window	
16.	Pasting wallpaper	
17.	Pointing brickwork	
18.	Remove all rust	
19.	Removing rusted hinges	
20.	Safety with the blow-lamp	
21.	Selecting wallpaper	
22.	Stripping room of furniture	
23.	Warming oil paints	
24.	Wash old whitewash	

I agree to accept the published result as final also, decision of the Editor on all matters concerning this competition.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

(BLOCK LETTERS).....

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POST NOW! All entries must arrive not later than Monday, June 25. This competition is open to readers in the United Kingdom and Eire. J.B. 16/6/56

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Mark II boosters to be sent to Bermuda——"

Sir James said quickly: "They could put them on the Bermuda service leaving London tomorrow. We could have them by Friday."

"We *must* have them before the Atlantic crossing on Saturday."

"Of course we must, Captain! And we will have."

"We could fly tomorrow," Bellamy said, "low down. Avoid the cold temperatures."

"Thank you, Captain." Sir James said, and with an undisguised air of relief dismissed the meeting. . . .

It was Thursday morning and the Emperor was taking off. The American guests were all aboard.

Sir James, sitting in the cabin with Matherson beside him, heard the motors throttled back from take-off power, and felt the Emperor swing steadily up into her climb.

The cloud outside was moist and grey. Now and again the tail gave a wag or two in the uneven air, causing the chairman to hold his breath.

He was unhappy. He talked to Matherson about the likely operation of the Emperors across the Atlantic, but he talked completely mechanically of things he knew by heart. Every tremor the Emperor gave seared into his nerve ends like red-hot needles.

Appleside came over to have a drink and a short discussion on fuel consumption. As the Emperor slid into heavier cloud and started to roll, Appleside grinned and said: "Certainly takes it nicely, Joliffe."

After lunch, Hal Matherson suddenly said to Sir James: "How about a trip round this bucket of yours?"

The Emperor gave a sudden lurch to the left, and the chairman started. "Of course," he said, when everything was level again. "Where would you like to begin?"

"The tail," the American said decisively. "Right at the back, eh? And work forwards?"

Sir James shot a glance at the shrewd face beside him, but he saw only good humour. He got up. "Certainly," he said.

Together, they walked towards the rear. Matherson inspected the galley and joked with the catering staff. Then casually he asked: "Rudder's worked by hydraulic boosters, isn't it?"

"Yes," Sir James said. "I don't know if you've noticed the way this refrigerator——"

"Where are the actuating cylinders?"

"Behind the baggage compartment —outside the pressurized area." Before Matherson had time to pursue the subject, the chairman went on: "And now, I want you to have a look at the holy of holies. The flight deck."

In the cockpit Matherson asked Rawlings some technical questions on turbo-props, and then, as though the bee was still in his bonnet, harked back to the subject of hydraulically-boosted controls.

"You've got an emergency system, of course?"

Seawood pointed to three red levers on the side of the throttle box.

"But still on the hydraulic principle? No direct mechanism?"

"That's right," Bellamy said.

"Mmm!" Matherson said. Then he went on to discuss the problem of controls on a large aircraft.

Sir James was glad enough to let the pilots do the talking. But he was gladder still when Bellamy said: "It's time for our descent. I'm afraid. . . ."

Just over half an hour later the great plane drifted quietly down to a surprisingly naked airfield, dotted around with huts and hills and half encircled by water.

Yet another reception committee waited and in a cocoon of officials and porters, the chairman and the undersecretary, together with Matherson and several of the most important Americans, were led away to the governor's waiting limousine.

Just before they got into the car, Matherson laid a hand on the chairman's arm, and said, with a chuckle: "There was only one thing wrong with that flight——"

Sir James waited for the blow to fall. Had those X-ray eyes of Matherson's pierced through the booster cylinders?

But all Matherson said was: "It was too short. . . ."

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 36

IN 1950 a famous K.C. told a Royal Commission that "every club in England which has a card-room . . . is liable to be prosecuted." An Act of 1541 which is still law makes it an offence for a club to allow "unlawful gaming" on its premises. And card games which are not games of skill are unlawful, says a barrister-at-law. The players also are breaking the law.

AFTER a late breakfast next morning, Andrew Bellamy lay back in an armchair just beyond the veranda. The sun struck the white face of the hotel, and glittered on the blue semi-circle of the harbour below him.

It was the kind of day that is all the sweeter for having been well-earned. Bellamy's eyes were closed. For once, he was not thinking about the Emperor. Those difficulties and dangers seemed now to have been pretty well wrapped up. The trip to England tomorrow with the Mark II boosters fitted would be plain sailing.

With a mixture of tenderness and amusement, he was, instead, thinking about Lalette. . . .

He heard a sudden click and opened his eyes. He saw Eastlake, taking photographs, and he said: "Am I in the way here?"

"No, no, Captain," the airframe designer said genially. "I like a figure in the foreground." He bent over the view-finder. The shutter clicked again.

"Thought you'd be out at the airport," Bellamy said.

Eastlake pulled a face. "Cruttwell and I are having a rest from airports."

"London service late?"

"No. Came in on schedule. Saw the crew a couple of hours ago."

"Don't tell me you've fitted the Mark II boosters already?"

The designer put his camera back carefully into its leather case. "They didn't arrive."

Bellamy got up from his chair. The air had suddenly gone chillier. The view was not nearly so pleasant. "But there isn't another service for three days."

"Isn't there?"

"Does Joliffe know?"

Eastlake shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so."

"He wouldn't be thinking of going off without them?"

But the placid expression on the designer's face did not change. After hell in New York, and a good trip down, this Bermuda air was heaven. "I'm sure I don't know, Captain."

Half to himself, Bellamy said: "I'll bet he knew all the time the damned things wouldn't arrive. And if he *doesn't* know, somebody had better tell him. . . ."

Sir James was not in his suite. When Bellamy asked at the hotel desk, the receptionist said: "He went out over an hour ago to play golf."

On the golf course, dressed in a faded blue shirt and brown cotton trousers, Sir James Joliffe addressed the teed-up ball with considerable care. Then his pudgy arms swung the club as far as it would go behind him. There

"I've just discovered something else he doesn't like"

was a momentary flash as the steel shaft caught the sun in the downstroke, and a smart click as the wood connected.

"Damn!" he said out loud, as he watched the tiny white blob soar into the air and plummet into the dead cedar trees, far to the right. "I've done it again."

He picked up his clubs, and started to walk in the direction of the ball's landfall. He was just entering the rough before the copse when he heard the longer grass being brushed briskly aside behind him.

Turning his head, he recognized the chunky figure in the grey lightweight uniform.

"Ah, Captain Bellamy," he called. "You couldn't have come at a better time. Come and help me to find my ball." He stopped to allow the pilot to catch up with him.

"I've been looking for you, sir," Bellamy said. "About those Mark II booster cylinders, sir——"

"You look over there, would you?" The chairman pointed to a bosky clump of brambles. "And I'll look over this side." He plunged into the undergrowth and started to beat it around with his club.

Bellamy said: "The boosters weren't on the London service."

The massacre of the foliage still went briskly on. "Mmm . . . yes. They did tell me something of the sort."

"Well," Bellamy said slowly, "we'll have to wait now till the boosters *do* arrive, won't we, sir?"

The chairman said gently: "Will we, Captain Bellamy?"

"That was the idea when I agreed to fly down to Bermuda."

"We couldn't press on with the old boosters? Even though they worked all right coming down here?"

"The Atlantic is a very big ocean."

"You're right. It is. Ah, well!" Sir James stood there quite still, a crumpled, tubby memorial to the end of an aeroplane.

Bellamy began to feel uncomfortable. A fight was a fight, but a walk-over was unfair, especially when the man had so much at stake. He said, more stiffly than he intended: "I hope you don't think I'm being unco-operative, sir."

"Good heavens, Captain Bellamy! *You* unco-operative!"

"This is a minor thing. But in aeroplanes, minor things——"

"I understand completely. If there was only yourself to consider, it would be a different matter."

"Of course it would, sir."

"You've got the responsibility of everybody else."

"That's the trouble." Bellamy said. He paused, and then added slowly: "I think there is *one* idea we might try."

Like a flash Joliffe said: "You can keep us moving, Bellamy?"

"It struck me that if we off-loaded everybody but a skeleton operating crew, under the circumstances the risk of flying her back would be justified."

"Oh!" The chairman's voice sounded disappointed.

"The others could come back on the Astroliner service, sir."

"They'd be off-loaded for their own safety?"

"Yes, sir."

"Me, too?"

"Well, sir . . . it's all rather difficult——"

Sir James said thoughtfully: "I see your point, Captain. But it strikes me that, since it's *their* safety that's involved, they should be allowed some say in it themselves."

"How d'you mean, sir?"

"Well," the chairman said. "The whole thing should be put to them. The safety angle . . . everything. This isn't an ordinary service. In a sense, we're explorers . . . pioneers. Every one of us. And every one should be allowed his own choice."

BELLAMY considered the proposal for a minute. Sir James had accepted his decision. What he was suggesting was only a modification of the pilot's own idea, and there was sense in what he said. Not that it would make the slightest difference, in any case, to the vast majority. They'd jump at the chance of an honourable exit.

"Seems fair enough, sir."

"Does, doesn't it?" Sir James sounded much more cheerful now. "Then everybody will be satisfied. We'll have a get-together in my suite. Say two this afternoon."

At two o'clock the Emperor's little company dutifully got together, and Sir James put the situation to them. Bellamy, listening, had no doubt of the outcome.

But there were certain aspects of the matter that he hadn't allowed for. For one thing, the Bermuda sun had melted the icy memories of Labrador. In this balmy air it was impossible to imagine catastrophe.

For another, he didn't quite appreciate the chairman's subtle capacity for getting what he wanted.

And thirdly, there was the fact that the others felt little gratitude to Bellamy for having their safety nearest his heart.

Forced into going, with no exit allowed, was one thing. But when an honest exit was provided, and they were all bidden, almost pushed out of it—that was a different thing all round. It implied that they were dumpable salvage anyway, and they resented the high-handed notion that they could easily be removed without for a moment being missed.

Their final decision was unanimous. Go? Of course they'd go!

Bellamy could hardly believe it. They were actually going to make the flight back across the Atlantic with the old, faulty boosters. His feelings as he left the get-together were a mixture of astonishment and dismay.

To be concluded next week

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Out of the city of fear

Continued from page 11

one might expect, entirely responsible for this surprising increase, which continues despite the lowered standard of life and general poverty. Every woman is granted three months' holiday from work after the birth of her child.

Although the Soviet Union has supposedly been experimenting with various drugs to ensure painless childbirth, in practice this is unknown.

As the wife of a V.I.P., I was privileged to enter the Army Hospital in 1952 for the birth of our daughter. Colonel Bazarewski, a Soviet doctor from Leningrad, was in charge of the obstetrical ward. I had an extremely long and painful labour, but Bazarewski refused to give me anything at all during or after the birth.

The Polish doctors suggested giving me an injection once or twice, only to be brusquely brushed aside. They were, of course, afraid of saying too much. One of the Polish doctors later told me in confidence that he had written a paper on painless childbirth, but that the colonel would not let him publish it in the army doctors' magazine.

Most artists belong to numerous committees and are made to feel like government employees, obliged to carry out orders at any time. There are countless celebrations, meetings and inaugurations. Andrzej was vice-president of the Association of Composers, a member of the Artistic Council of the Ministry of Culture, a member of the Committee for Cultural Relations Abroad and of the Committee for the Defence of Peace.

Although not a party member, he could not possibly refuse to sit on these committees. Forced behind a screen of slogans and clichés such as eventually stifle the courage and imagination of the strongest-minded, he found that all these activities effectively prevented him carrying on with his creative work.

Andrzej was a prize exhibit in the world of music, but his position as a composer was complex. He received many awards and was often sent abroad, his works were played in Western Europe and over the Polish radio in its broadcasts to foreign countries, but his music was usually condemned inside Poland.

His "Sinfonia Rustica" won first prize at the Chopin Competition in 1949. Yet a year later, at a meeting of the Association of Composers attended by some Soviet delegates, including Khrennikov, secretary-general of the Association of Soviet Composers, the symphony was declared alien to the great Socialist era and Sokorski, the Minister of Culture, informed the meeting that "Sinfonia Rustica" no longer existed.

DOGS—3

To his dog, every man is Napoleon; hence the constant popularity of dogs.

Aldous Huxley

Although Andrzej's last major work, "Symphony Of Peace," written in 1950, was awarded the State Prize, it was condemned on account of signs of "religious feeling" found in it. He was reproached, to quote the official criticism, for "praying for peace" instead of "fighting for peace."

In 1953, Poland's leading State song and dance ensemble *Mazowsze* was sent to tour Communist China. It was the first Polish cultural mission to go there and Andrzej, much against his wishes, was put in charge of the ensemble. It was while he was in China that we lost our tiny daughter, Oonagh.

Andrzej returned from the tour physically exhausted and the shock of her death was the final blow, causing the complete emotional and physical collapse which he had been staving off for some years past.

I think that we both knew that life could not go on as it had and that something must be done. Tragedy often builds a wall between two people instead of binding them closer together. The fact that Andrzej could not compose made a bitterness between us that was corroding our love and would eventually destroy our marriage.

The only answer I could see was to make him leave Poland. He was one of the few who had the opportunity, and I knew that but for me he would never return from his trips to the West.

In January, 1954, I decided that the time had come for me to take the initiative. I asked Andrzej to set about getting a passport, ostensibly for me to visit my sick father.

Within a surprisingly short time, I was summoned to the M.B.P. office in Szucha Street, and shown into the director's room. Somehow I had not expected a woman to be in charge of this vital department of the secret police. She did not look like a Pole, although her Polish was excellent, and I put her down as a Russian.

She was extremely polite, and, after asking me three times why I wanted to go to England, she told me that I had been granted a passport for four months. I could go myself to the British Embassy for a visa.

At the embassy I was hard put to it not to burst into tears at the sight of a fresh-cheeked Englishman, the first to whom I had spoken in so many years. Apart from his unconcealed amazement that a private citizen had obtained a passport, there were no difficulties about a visa. So great was my emotion that it was impossible to sign the papers with a steady hand.

DURING the next few days I endeavoured to behave as normally as possible, knowing that my movements were observed particularly closely. All our discussions were carried on in bed, the one place we could be sure contained no hidden microphone.

I spent the last few nights memorizing the contacts Andrzej had in the West. I imagined a thousand times scenes in which I begged, threatened, pleaded with this or that person for help. I shall never forget the agony of those nights or the agony of parting at the Okecie airport on that cold March morning.

As the plane taxied bumpily along the runway, I waved a last farewell. Andrzej looked defeated and forlorn. I thought: *God, what have I done?*

My first job in London was to visit the Polish Embassy in Portland Place to establish my loyalty to the régime beyond all question.

Speaking Polish, I gave my name and asked to see the ambassador. The doorkeeper told me to take a seat at the round table in the middle of the hall. His eyes never left my face.

Idly flicking over the pages of a copy of *New Poland*, I wondered what would be my best line with the ambassador. It was absolutely essential that I should make a good impression—politically, that is, not socially.

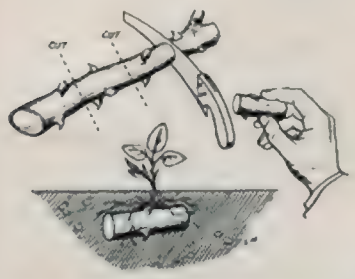
Eventually, I was told that the first counsellor, Michal Zulkos, would like to see me as the ambassador was for the moment engaged. I had already heard a lot about Zulkos in Poland and was very anxious to meet him. In most of the Iron Curtain embassies, it is not the ambassador but either the first secretary or counsellor who is, unofficially of course, the most important figure. Over them all is the chief secret police agent who, in the guise of chauffeur, doorman or servant, keeps a watchful eye on the whole embassy staff.

Immediately I saw Zulkos I knew that I would have to be extremely careful with him. He greeted me very affably and for a few minutes we talked of mutual acquaintances in Poland. A secretary entered and said that the ambassador was ready to see me and would Comrade Zulkos come, too.

The ambassador, Eugeniusz Milnikiel was very pleasant and told me that he had received a wire from the foreign minister in Warsaw informing him of my arrival. I wasn't quite sure how

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER



ROSES which have grown old and woody can be turned into new ones by sawing a stout branch into sections, each with its own side growth. When planted the pieces will soon grow into new roses.—*G. R. Howe, Wollaston, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.*

I always add half a cup of milk to each gallon of insecticide. When sprayed, the mixture spreads evenly and clings to the underside of leaves, instead of forming small globules which later drip off.—*Gavin C. Fairbairn, Clermiston, Green, Barnton, Midlothian.*

PERCY THROWER says: When a matured rose branch is cut off there is usually sufficient sap present to start the buds into growth. If a piece is put under soil the new shoot from the branch will often produce roots where it joins the old wood. This method of propagation is used with vines, and is also successful with many other plants and trees.

When spraying with insecticides it is often difficult to ensure a full covering. Wetting compounds, such as a soap solution, are often added, but milk would be preferable because it ensures that the mixture adheres to the foliage and is effective for a longer time.

JOHN BULL *pays five guineas each for the best original, topical gardening hints sent to Percy Thrower,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.*

to take this piece of news. It could mean that I was in favour and that the embassy was to put itself out to be nice. On the other hand it could mean —watch her.

Helena Stroczan, the cultural attaché, came in and the ambassador served cocktails. We had a nice little party, sizing one another up all the time. Zulkos upset me. He sat there, saying little, weighing every word that was said. It was essential to my plans that these men should trust me, and I had only two advantages. One was that I received a passport without any difficulty. Consequently they could not be really sure that I was not observing their activities with official backing.

Apart from flying visits, neither Milnikiel nor Zulkos had been in Poland for some years. I now played this up. I spoke of this, that and the other with great knowledge. Powerful names were thrown carelessly around in my conversation and I thanked God for my intimate acquaintance with party jargon, an acquaintance which, because newer, outstripped their own. I left with the feeling that I had made the right impression and for the moment they were just as nervous of me as I was of them.

Three weeks later I found a place to live. I moved in on a somewhat fictitious aunt in the Fulham Road. My "aunt" and her family knew enough of my story to be able to play their parts should the embassy phone. They were wonderful people and their kindness, sympathy and understanding meant a lot to me.

My one desire was that Andrzej should leave Poland with official sanction. There might have been ways and means of getting out of the country illegally, but I was not aware of them, and in any case I would have nothing to do with such methods. With a face as well known as his behind the Curtain, it would have been suicidal even to try. No, my plan was the safest. . . . If I could wangle an invitation for Andrzej to visit Western Europe on a visit of such importance that it would seem good propaganda, he might be allowed to accept it in spite of the fact that I was in London.

But the invitation had to go through official channels, *via* the Polish Embassy in any European country, but not from London. Zulkos or the ambassador would take one look at any such invitation issued here, size up the situation immediately, and I could say a quick goodbye to freedom.

Paris seemed to be the best choice, particularly as the Polish-French Friendship Month was due that autumn. But I had to have help to put this plan into operation, and this meant taking others into my confidence. How far could the people I had in mind be trusted not to talk?

If this plan should fail, there were just two other possibilities. One was the East Berlin Peace Congress which was to take place sometime in April. The other was a trip to Paris with *Mazowsze* in October. As Andrzej had been forced to attend every peace congress so far, there was no obvious reason why he should not go to Berlin, and it was on this that I pinned my strongest hope. As I was due to return to Warsaw on July 22, I did not think that I could hang on here until October should he not go to Berlin.

This made it all the more essential that an invitation go out to Warsaw in May, or June at the latest. But even if the invitation were sent, would Andrzej ever hear of it?

BY the beginning of April I decided that it was safe to negotiate for an invitation to Andrzej. I chose the Grenadier, a pub in the backwaters of Knightsbridge, for my first meeting with the man I had asked to help me. It wasn't the sort of place that the embassy was likely to know, and I had seen no sign recently of the agent who had shadowed me when I first reached London.

Although it was not yet noon, I found to my dismay that the bar was already crowded. I decided to wait outside in the little alley encircling the pub. A rickety wooden bench stood against one wall and I sat down.

My bench faced a tiny archway fronting the pub and I had a clear view of all who came and went. I hadn't been there long when a girl and two young men appeared and started taking pictures, probably for a fashion magazine. I was fascinated by the girl's vivid beauty and struck by the ludicrousness of the situation. Nobody looking at the scene would suspect that a plot possibly entailing international complications was going to be hatched.

The girl stepped aside to let somebody through the archway. I waited a

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FROM a greengrocer buy an empty grape barrel, 16 in. high, to make a space-saving seat for watching television or sitting by the fire. Remove protruding nails, smooth the surface with glasspaper, and tack any loose hoops into place. The seat is made from a circle of plywood, 13 in. in diameter, fixed by nailing two strips of wood underneath so that their ends just touch the inside rim of the barrel top. Upholster the seat by spreading a 2 in. thick layer of kapok over it and covering with a piece of blanket nailed all round to the underside of the seat. A loose, washable seat cover can be made from 1½ yd. of furnishing fabric, using the remainder of the fabric to make an attractive, gathered covering for the body of the barrel.

moment, pushing down my panic, before raising my arm to attract the man's attention. He joined me on the bench, a tall, well-built man with a ruddy complexion, dark brown moustache and shrewd, kind eyes. I shall have to call him Peter; his work in the international world of music would suffer if I gave his real name.

I accepted his offer of a drink with relief and watched him carefully as he disappeared into the pub. He *looked* the kind of man able to keep his mouth shut, but doubt gnawed at my mind. Once I had told him, should he commit, voluntarily or involuntarily, the slightest indiscretion, word would spread like wildfire through musical circles and I could say goodbye for ever to any hope of seeing Andrzej again. Quite a few British musicians hold Communist Party cards. But Peter was one of the few people able to send out the sort of invitation I had in mind.

He returned with the drinks and said how pleased he was to meet me. The conversation drifted aimlessly. I could see that he was puzzled. Expressing his admiration for Andrzej's music, he asked about his latest compositions. This was my cue and I took it.

I outlined the tragic position of the serious artist, and of Andrzej in particular, behind the Curtain.

"Yes, I know," he said. "But he travels a lot, doesn't he? Why doesn't he come over."

My God, I thought, *the naïvety of it!*

"He cannot," I said deliberately, "while I am here." Turning to him, I began to plead my cause, explaining what I wanted him to do. When I had finished, he shook his head doubtfully.

"They'll never let him out."

"But it's the only hope of *ever* getting out together," I cried. "I must try. Will you help me?"

For a long moment he didn't reply. Then he said, "I think that I can arrange an invitation that might do the trick, but there can be no bungling. It must be done properly, and that will take time."

He was right, of course. But, knowing as I did that every invitation, no matter how innocuous, is studied, checked and re-checked a thousand times by different members of the secret police, I knew that there was no time to lose if Andrzej were to be allowed to accept it before my return. Urging Peter to get things going without delay, I said goodbye. He promised to phone as soon as he had any news.

I was happy to learn at the embassy in mid-April that Zulkos had gone to Poland for his vacation. I felt safer with him out of the way. But they had nothing to tell me about the East Berlin Congress—which was still my main hope. . . .

A letter came from Andrzej in Warsaw dated April 16. It made me quite sick with disappointment. There was no mention of a dog of any description and no indication of buying one. So I knew the date of that loathsome East Berlin Peace Congress must have been changed after all.

Before parting we had arranged that should Andrzej be sent out of the country he would let me know by writing to say that he intended to buy a dog. His love of dogs was common knowledge in Warsaw and not even the most vigilant censor would find anything unduly suspicious in a sudden decision to buy one. But, if the congress was still due to take place in the second half of this month, in accordance with the original schedule, then he would have known when he wrote that letter whether he was included in the delegation or not. What could have happened?

The question gnawed at me for days. When next I called at the embassy for my Warsaw newspapers, I couldn't get outside fast enough. In an agony of excitement, I feverishly scanned the stop-press news. A paragraph announced that a Polish delegation would attend the East Berlin Peace Congress.

I was delirious with joy. I wanted to hug the crowds, kiss the passers-by, shout out my news for all to hear.

I phoned Peter to hold his horses, impatiently brushing aside his warning not to get too excited, as a let-down would be all the harder to bear.

With a swift thrust of elation, I remembered that nobody leaving the Iron Curtain countries on an official delegation is ever informed of the exact date until the last moment, which probably accounted for the lack of our code word in Andrzej's recent letter. This precautionary measure is taken by the security police in order to prevent those going westward from winding up their affairs and warning their families, should they harbour any secret intention of defecting.

Westward . . . I sat down. What was I so happy about? East Berlin wasn't so far west as all that and, as it was in the Soviet zone, it meant that Andrzej would be going from one prison to another. How would he get away?

I knew from previous trips that he was never left alone for a moment, even at night. Members of the delegation were not usually allowed separate rooms in the specially picked hotel, where they all kept a watchful eye on one another. My heart sank at the thought of the risk involved. Did he intend to take that risk?

"No, he can't, he mustn't." The words, unconsciously spoken aloud, made me jump. But I knew that, given the chance, he would.

The need for air became oppressive. Going out into the dusty Fulham Road, I wandered about thinking of the *zebranie* to be held the next day at the embassy, in honour of May 1, Workers' Day, which I had been told to attend. Should I go? The delegation would probably leave for Berlin either tonight or tomorrow and, if Andrzej made an immediate attempt to cross to the West, then I might be in the embassy when the news came through. Not a pleasant thought.

On the other hand, should I not attend so important an event in the Communist calendar, my absence would inevitably give rise to suspicious inquiry.

I decided that I had better go.

Next day I sat at home torn with suspense. If only I knew! Round and round like some dreary, cheap refrain, the words made circles of my tired brain. If only I knew whether Andrzej was safe in West Berlin, or still with the Peace Delegation in East Berlin, waiting his moment to cross.

Tracing an outsize A on the film of dust covering the base of the telephone I wondered vacantly what the daily woman was paid for. The telephone . . . why hadn't I thought of it before? Hardly daring to breathe, I went back to the desk and reached for the receiver. It would be better to risk a phone call to Warsaw than my neck at the embassy and I could find out from Janka, our maid, at what time Andrzej had left for Berlin.

In a voice taut with excitement I asked the operator to get me Warsaw 42980.

The minutes ticked by interminably while I carefully phrased what I should say to Janka. I shivered with cold. Switching on the electric fire, I raised my head to meet the inscrutable face of the tiny, ornate clock on the mantelpiece. It was already five o'clock. The *zebranie* at the embassy was due to start at seven. Why didn't the phone ring? When at last it did, almost two hours later, for one horrible moment I was unable to move.

Above the angry buzzing of tangled wires I caught snatches of French and Polish. Then, surprisingly near, a low voice said "Hallo." It was Andrzej.

NEXT WEEK: I am shadowed in London by Communist agents

DOGS—4

Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Rudyard Kipling

Advertisement

Is this goodbye to Rheumatism?

Continued from page 34

This adrenaline is a *natural* substance produced by two small glands lying close to the kidney. It is extremely powerful and has such a strong action on muscle that doctors use it to stimulate the heart to start working again when it has collapsed through shock during an operation.

The simplest way of using adrenaline, the doctor found, was in *adrenaline cream* massaged into the skin. In this form, the drug is entirely safe because it is used in such minute quantities—one part in 5,000. Yet tests on thousands of patients have proved that even in this small amount the drug is highly effective in attacking the real cause of the pain—the trigger spots.

Results have been particularly gratifying at an old folks' clinic in London. An analysis of the results of treatment by adrenaline cream shows that the average length of time needed before a patient can be discharged free from pain is only 10 days and that 90 per cent of the cases need fewer than eight treatments.

Testimonials to the efficiency of the treatment have poured in ever since it was developed—testimonials from doctors, from physio-therapists, nurses and—perhaps most significantly—from former sufferers.

One of the most famous of these grateful people who suffered severe pain until adrenaline cream relieved it, is Lord Russell of Liverpool, author of the best-selling book *The Scourge of the Swastika.* Commenting on the treatment, he says: "The technique of this treatment has been continuously improved and developed . . . during recent years . . . has benefited many thousands of sufferers, both in this country and abroad. I myself know of cases in which the relief obtained was little short of astounding."

How is it that nobody had discovered this simple treatment before? In the first place, nobody had troubled to try the effects of adrenaline applied in the form of a cream. Massage, of course, was a standard method of alleviating rheumatic pain, but nobody had realized that a little adrenaline applied to the skin in the form of a cream and *gently* rubbed in would be more effective than vigorous massage and far less painful.

Secondly, nobody had tumbled to the brilliant idea of concentrating the gentle massage treatment on the *trigger spots*—the real source of the pain. Creams which brought temporary relief when applied to the skin over the muscles where the pain *seemed* to be, were common, but they were ineffective because they did not attack the *root cause* of the pain. There is a simple reason for their failure—*the trigger spot responsible for the pain is often located at a site some distance away from where the pain seems to be.*

Just as the pain of a cramped leg radiates down the whole limb, so does the pain caused by a trigger spot spread to other parts of the afflicted muscle. Thus trigger spots in the shoulder muscles may cause pain and stiffness in the shoulder joint, pain in the forearm and even pins and needles in the fingers.

The secret of treating the pain of any form of muscular rheumatism successfully, then, is to find the trigger spots by searching over the skin with the fingers and then to treat them with adrenaline cream.

An adrenaline cream made by the old-established pharmaceutical house of Howard Lloyd, based on the cream used by the Harley Street doctor, is now available at all chemists. The treatment is so simple that by following the directions enclosed you can easily use it for yourself at home and find, like thousands of other sufferers, *freedom from pain.* Howard Lloyd & Co., have also produced a booklet of interest to all who suffer from rheumatism. It is called "Diets for Rheumatic Sufferers" and is available free from Dept. J.B., Howard Lloyd & Co., Ltd., 11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

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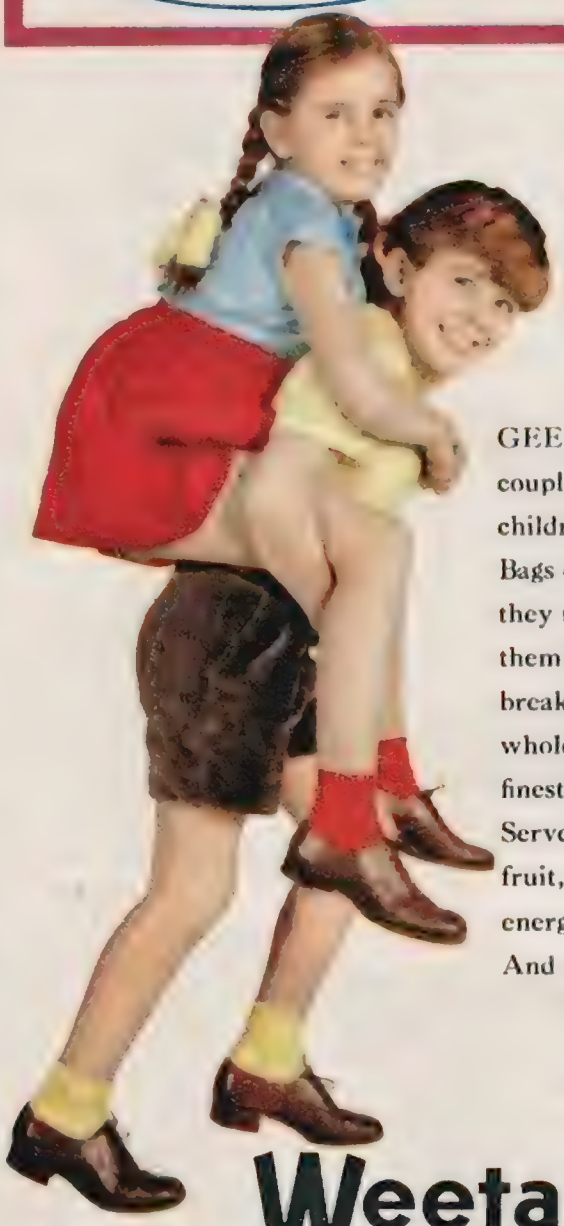

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Wizards at War

Continued from page 19

carried out near Liverpool, the target of several heavy bombing raids in the spring of 1941. It was on a fairly small scale, less than 150 units being sent up, and though these few wires failed to ensnare any aircraft—the device depended for material success on the release of many hundreds at a time—the modifications to the balloons and wire-release gear cut down the failures substantially.

The final design of the Free Balloon Barrage reached an efficiency of eighty per cent. But this spectacular method of defence was never to be given a full-scale test in its improved form. The mass air raids on this country ceased as suddenly as they had begun and for nearly three years the Luftwaffe turned their main attentions to other battle fronts.

The Free Balloon Barrage might well have launched a shattering attack on the morale of the German bomber pilots, and Churchill considered it a formidable invention. "It was surprising and fortunate," he wrote later, "that the Germans did not develop this counter to our mass bombing raids in the last three years of the war. . . ."

IN the spring of 1941, the Wheezers and Dodgers moved out of their cramped quarters in Admiralty Arch to a suite of offices in Lower Regent Street. Shortly afterwards, they acquired a new director, Captain "Jock" Davies, whose arrival freed Goodeve of much of his irksome administrative responsibilities. And they took over a seaside pier in Somerset.

By now the department was hard at work on an astonishingly wide range of weapons. When it began work on one of its most important projects of all—a weapon which was to revolutionize Allied tactics against the U-boats—Goodeve looked round for a site which would allow the team to carry out its own trials with complete freedom. To develop this weapon, the Hedgehog, he needed somewhere with a high rise and fall of tide over sand or mud; experimental projectiles had to be fired into deep water and then recovered, undamaged, when the sea receded.

Francis, now promoted to sub-lieutenant, was sent on a tour of the West Country, and it was not long before he found the ideal spot: seventy-five year old Birnbeck Pier, at Weston-super-Mare, where, in peacetime, holiday crowds embarked for steamer trips to Cardiff and Bristol, Clovelly and Lundy. For more than a year now, no steamers had used the Birnbeck landing stage and few visitors tramped along the desolate planked roadway to the little island at the pier's far end, where the amusement booths stood shuttered and deserted.

Not long afterwards the Admiralty descended on Weston-super-Mare. The pier became H.M.S. Birnbeck, and for the rest of the war it played an important part in the navy's scientific researches. Not only was Birnbeck, with its high rise and fall of tide, ideal for testing underwater projectiles, but on either side of the bay stretched miles of lonely headlands and beaches.

Research at Birnbeck ranged out to embrace every aspect of war. Secret weapons were fired along the beaches or into the sea, and problems connected with amphibious assault—from crossing mined beaches to scaling cliffs—were examined there.

Officially the pier still preserved its civilian status, but in time word reached the Admiralty that a young sub-lieutenant with no proper authority to carry out property deals was requisitioning more and more of it. A member of the Admiralty department which looked after lands and buildings then called on Captain Davies and said that if the Wheezers and Dodgers wanted a pier—or even a small part of one—they must apply through the Right Channels. So the position was regularized and the department got the whole pier, inheriting at the same time an unusual asset for a scientific

research station—a fully licensed bar.

The pier soon became a recognizable offshoot of the department's London headquarters. At Paddington the stream of bombs, mines and other lethal-looking objects bound for Weston-super-Mare aroused little interest among the railway staff after a while. But the Wheezers and Dodgers' fellow passengers never seemed quite at ease when they found themselves sharing a compartment with a large bomb.

To Goodeve, who always had work to do in the train on his journeys to and from Birnbeck, this could be a blessing. Struggling into a crowded compartment he would say politely: "Would you mind if we put this under the seat? It must ride crossways on the train." The projectile was then dropped with a thud and levered under the seat.

On his way out to stand in the corridor he would remark to his companion: "You did remember to remove the fuse, didn't you?" It was never long before the passengers one by one found some reason for deserting their seats, and for the rest of the journey Goodeve and his companions could settle down comfortably with their secret papers.

In the early days there was an attractive air of informality about life on the pier. For the visitors from London, camp beds were set up in a vast

DOGS—5

The dog has got more fun out of Man than Man has got out of the dog, for the clearly demonstrable reason that Man is the more laughable of the two animals.

James Thurber

draughty room filled with discarded slot machines, beer engines and dismantled side-shows. It could be bitterly cold, for the strong winds from the Atlantic blew in through the uneven boarding, but before long, Naval Stores, who normally viewed heaters as an unnecessary luxury, supplied a Tortoise stove.

They were no doubt impressed by the department's explanation that it was urgently needed "for boiling pitch to fill projectiles."

At this period a number of ingenious devices were undergoing trials at Birnbeck. Among them was a large, rocket-propelled container which burst open, ejecting various exploding objects. Called the Expendable Noise-Maker, it was designed to foil the enemy's acoustic torpedoes, which were exploded by noise. It was fired like a mortar, and on sinking below the surface it caused a series of rhythmic detonations.

The first trials of this clever gadget were entrusted to an army team, which planned to fire the early rounds into shallow water just off the beach. The men measured the range accurately enough, but overlooked the fact that the mortar itself, mounted on a wing of the pier, was forty feet above sea level. To their intense surprise, the first round sailed clean over the water and exploded in mid-air outside a cliff-side café, which emptied rapidly.

Puzzled, the soldiers made a slight adjustment of elevation and dropped the second round a yard from an admiral's office. The wrath which followed led the department to search for a new site when a more advanced type of noise-maker came up for trial. As a precautionary measure, the first round from this new weapon was fired directly out to sea. The next they aimed along the edge of the water to give the recovery party on the beach below a chance to salvage the wreckage for examination.

To their astonishment the second rocket behaved quite differently. After flying perfectly straight for several hundred yards it shot off at right-angles, disappearing inland at high speed. They heard it explode in the distance, near a farm, and set off to investigate.

It was not long before they met an irate man carrying a tangled mass of blackened metal.

"Where did it land?" they asked.

The farmer glowered. "In my chicken run . . . that's where it landed."

"What a lucky thing!" said one of the officers, trying to get the conversation on to a more genial plane. "Where were you at the time?"

"Where was I?" bellowed the aggrieved farmer. "In the bloody chicken run!"

After that the experiments were removed even farther from Weston.

Every visitor to Birnbeck was initiated into the exhausting and chilly pastime called "mudlarking." At high tide dummy projectiles fitted with live fuses were fired into forty feet of water. Six hours later, when the tide had receded, the team combed the evil-smelling mud for them. The bombs were retrieved and the fuses examined to see whether they had functioned as they left the mortar or when they hit the sea.

One of the finest mudlarkers was Donald Lamb, a tall, hawk-nosed lieutenant with inexhaustible energy and the strength of an ox. He could carry two 60-lb. projectiles at a time across the mud without any apparent effort. Perhaps he was happiest when conducting researches with high explosives. He once startled the Birnbeck team by firing some charges into the foundations of the pier.

Hedgehog was the most important of all the anti-U-boat weapons under trial at Birnbeck. By now the department's main efforts had been diverted from the enemy in the air to the enemy beneath the water. The U-boat situation had become grave and in one twelve-week period enemy torpedoes accounted for 818,000 tons of Allied shipping. If the Wheezers and Dodgers needed any spur to their endeavours they had only to study the reports of the interrogations carried out in the Admiralty's Trade Division. Every master of a merchantman which had undergone attack by aircraft, submarine or surface raider, or had become a victim of an enemy mine, was sent there to tell his story.

One master of a little Boston steam trawler described how his ship had been mercilessly shelled by a U-boat. The only lifeboat had been holed in the attack, but a wounded seaman thrust his leg into the hole in the lifeboat and for twenty-two hours he kept it there while his shipmates rowed the boat forty miles to the Irish coast.

When the German Admiral Doenitz unleashed his wolf packs the war at sea took a serious turn for the Allies. The new type of 770-ton Atlantic U-boat could travel faster on the surface than many of the convoy escorts. During the long winter nights one convoy alone lost twenty ships out of thirty-four.

Submerged, these modern U-boats set just as difficult a problem. Although the Royal Navy, thanks to the efforts of its permanent scientists before the war, was far ahead of other nations in detection of submarines under the surface, the only weapon available to destroy them, the depth charge, had not been substantially improved since the first World War.

Examining the whole problem before the war, naval scientists had realized that they would have to invent a new type of weapon altogether which could hurl explosive charges far *ahead* of the ship.

It now occurred to the scientists that if they used a missile which exploded only when it hit the target they could afford to cut down its weight very substantially. If, also, they could devise a species of gun which hurled a whole pattern of these smaller charges in a circle they would enormously increase the chances of success. Charges which detonated only on contact had a further advantage. If the pattern of bombs missed the target altogether there would be no violent underwater explosions to put the hunting ship's Asdic gear temporarily out of action.

GOODEVE first heard about the new "ahead-throwing mortar" in the spring of 1940. Then, one morning in the autumn of the same year, an army officer named Millis Jefferis arrived with some rough drawings of a new weapon.

Millis Jefferis, a short, dynamic man with sandy hair, was a sabotage expert who had worked on various secret projects for disrupting the lives of the Germans. The drawings he brought to Goodeve were of the spigot mortar—an unusual device which completely reversed the normal process by which a missile was discharged into the air. The base of the bomb itself fitted round an ingenious, electrically actuated peg—the spigot—and it was this which fired the projectile when a switch was dropped. The spigot was the brainchild of Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart Blacker, and Jefferis was using it to develop an anti-tank gun—the Blacker Bombard—in his workshops.

He thought it might be adapted to fire single projectiles against the U-boats, but Goodeve already had another idea. "Do you think we could use this spigot mortar of yours to fire a whole pattern of bombs?"

He outlined the kind of weapon that was needed, and Jefferis went back to his drawing-board. A few days later he returned with a design which looked distinctly promising.

So far the bomb-thrower had no name. Goodeve offered a bottle of sherry for the best title and the prize went to the man who suggested "Hedgehog." It had a splendid suggestion of prickly hostility and in the weapon taking shape the rows of spigots which bristled from the mounting bore a striking resemblance to the quills of a hedgehog's defiant back.

When all the main design problems

had been solved everything was ready for selling the weapon to higher authority. Goodeve and Jock Davies were still considering ways and means of boosting the Hedgehog's claims when they learned that the prime minister was to be present at the trials of a new type of anti-tank bomb which Jefferis was staging in a chalk quarry not far from Chequers.

The trial was taking place at ten o'clock one Sunday morning and Lord Cherwell—Churchill's scientific adviser, the former Professor Lindemann — readily agreed to suggest to the prime minister that he should drive over to Whitchurch after watching the anti-tank demonstration. The Hedgehog could then be put through its paces before lunch. When the day came Davies and Goodeve, deciding to leave nothing to chance, set off for the scene of the first trial. The area near the chalk pit swarmed with military police checking the identity of every visitor, but although neither of the interlopers from the department had passes with them Davies waved some entirely irrelevant documents out of the car window and they were allowed through the cordon.

On a grassy slope in front of the targets they found a distinguished gathering of service leaders and civilians, and Jefferis put on a spectacular show for them with his anti-tank bomb —a glass container filled with nitroglycerin, which exploded with an impressive flash and a crack. The young officer chosen to demonstrate it had rehearsed an act requiring split-second timing. Standing in front of the tank, he saluted and then, turning smartly about, he hurled the bomb at the target and saluted again as he threw himself flat on his face before the explosion.

Mr. Churchill was delighted and when the demonstration was over he led the way down the slope to inspect the damage. He then decided on a little target practice himself.

Taking a tommy-gun he fired a long burst at the tyres of a derelict army lorry. The spectators began to edge back out of harm's way, and Mr. Churchill next turned his attention to the lorry's Triplex screen, on which he cut his initials with bullets. More ammunition was sent for, and the crowd retreated even faster when the gun was passed to his daughter Mary, who blazed away enthusiastically at the battered lorry.

After a while the prime minister looked at his watch. "Time for lunch," he remarked, and began to walk back up the slope, the onlookers forming a line along which he passed.

At the far end of the line Goodeve looked round for Davies to support him, but he was nowhere to be seen, so when Lord Cherwell introduced him to the prime minister, Goodeve himself brought up the subject of the Hedgehog.

Mr. Churchill listened intently, and then, looking again at his watch, he said, "I'm sorry, but I haven't time to come and see this weapon now. We are late already."

He turned away, and was about to get into his car when his daughter, who had just walked up to the group with Jock Davies, firmly grasped his arm. Davies had been talking to her about the new anti-U-boat gun.

"We must see Captain Davies's bomb thrower, Daddy," she pleaded. "Of course there's time." Jock Davies, with his winning manner, had not been idle.

Mr. Churchill gave in, and the procession of cars shot away to Whitchurch, the research station where the new weapon was being developed. Watching the Hedgehog, the prime minister soon forgot all about his lunch.

The mortar was set to fire twenty-four rounds, two at a time, in quick succession, until all the projectiles were in the air at once. Climbing in the blue sky they formed a strangely graceful pattern, and as they reached their zenith they turned lazily over, like well-drilled marionettes, before starting their swift dive to earth. Then came the bangs of the discharges as they landed round the target—the shape of a submarine outlined on the ground with white tapes.

The Prime Minister was enthralled. He asked for a second salvo to be fired . . . then a third. Here at last, it seemed, was the instrument which could turn the tide of the U-boat war. Goodeve did not have long to wait for repercussions of this demonstration. The First Sea Lord sent for him.

"This anti-submarine gun of yours . . . how soon can you arrange a trial for *me*?" asked Admiral Pound. And straightaway he promised all possible assistance in getting the Hedgehog into operational use. By May, 1941, the Hedgehog was ready for its sea trials.

While the finishing touches were being put to the first of these multiple spigot mortars, fitted in H.M.S. Westcott, the initial batch of live bombs was filled and sent off by rail to Liverpool. To the dismay of Francis and other members of the Wheezers and Dodgers awaiting their arrival the bombs then vanished.

It was found that they had got as far as Crewe, but not until a few hours before Westcott was due to sail did a message arrive that they had been tracked down. They were at a remote siding in North Wales.

Francis was dispatched in a naval lorry to pick them up at Chester. When he set off on the return journey there was no time for detours. Ignoring the ban on explosives Francis rushed his precious load through the Mersey Tunnel, reflecting that a sub-lieutenant's pay would hardly meet the fine if he was caught.

Westcott slipped from her mooring on a brilliant early summer morn, with the calmest of seas. The firing trials were to be carried out against a submerged wreck in Liverpool Bay. After a few single rounds had been fired to check the functioning of the electrical gear, the destroyer—her Asdics trained on the sunken vessel—headed in for a full-scale attack.

On the bridge hardly a word was spoken. To the waiting scientists this was the culmination of months of anxious preparation. Now their claims were about to be put to the test.

The command to fire was given and they saw the bombs climb the sky in front of them. They could follow each individual projectile quite plainly, and they watched them do their slow, deliberate somersaults before they began to fall, faster, faster. . . .

As they struck the surface in a perfectly circular formation Goodeve found himself counting the seconds out loud. It seemed an eternity before anything happened, and then came the heavy rumble of the exploding charges. Above the wreck the sea shuddered violently, and broke into a mist of droplets which rose and hung in the air.

A cheer broke from the watching sailors. On the bridge, Francis came up to Goodeve, saluted smartly and said, "May I now be transferred to sea duty, sir?"

"If that's what you want," said Goodeve, "you've more than earned it."

Following the success of the Westcott trials the Admiralty went straight ahead with the Hedgehog, and in less than nine months from the day when Jefferis first brought his original drawings to the Admiralty the weapon was in production.

Now secrecy was more than ever necessary. If the enemy learned that a new weapon firing contact charges was contemplated they might well contrive some counter-measures in the construction of their U-boats. But several months after the trials in Liverpool Bay there came reassuring news.

An aircraft of Coastal Command, patrolling south of Iceland, surprised U-570 in the act of surfacing. The U-boat's captain was on his first patrol in command. Losing his nerve he scrambled on to the conning-tower and waved his white shirt in surrender. U-570 was captured intact, and when she was brought into port examination showed that no structural changes had been made.

Despite its merits, the results achieved with the new weapon in its first year at sea were disappointing. Only one kill and three "probables" came in. The trials, using dummy projectiles against some of our own submarines, had indicated that fifty per cent of the attacks should have been successful. In fact, only about five per cent were proving effective.

Lack of proper training in handling the weapon was the underlying reason for the Hedgehog's failure. This had just been realized in the Admiralty when Francis returned dejectedly to Lower Regent Street, having been put ashore on account of night blindness.

No sooner was he back in the department than Francis was dispatched on a fact-finding tour of the escort bases, and soon afterwards he was posted to Londonderry as Hedgehog Training Officer. Using the wreck of the Empress of Britain as a convenient target he put the escort vessels through a thorough course in the use of the spigot mortar. Almost immediately the kills began to come in, and before the end of the war the Hedgehog accounted for forty-eight German U-boats.

Today the Royal Navy has an even more ambitious ahead-throwing weapon in general use—the Squid, a huge monster hurling five hundred pound projectiles—but the Hedgehog, which still plays its part in the service, paved the way for its formidable offspring. It also spurred the Wheezers and Dodgers to further incursions into anti-submarine warfare. Nevil Shute Norway had something up his sleeve.

NEXT WEEK: The department goes fishing – with a rocket

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Sir Richard was angry. His family home had been sold—to that upstart Francis Drake

Innumerable legends have grown up around the fame of Sir Francis Drake, the greatest of the Elizabethan explorers. When the Spanish Armada came sailing up the Channel, did he rally the men of his little ships by beating his drum—that drum which is known to have accompanied him round the world? Certainly the drum became a sacred symbol to generations of British sailors:

"Take my drum to England,
hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's
runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll
quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the
Channel as we drummed
them long ago."

Today the drum rests at Buckland Abbey, Drake's home near Plymouth, now owned by the National Trust.

Drake's greatest rival was Sir Richard Grenville, whose father bought Buckland Abbey — a Cistercian monastery dissolved in 1539—from Henry VIII. When Richard succeeded to the property he converted the abbey church into a house, and inscribed the date 1576 in his splendid new hall. But he was not to enjoy his home for long. He got into deep financial difficulties, which he attributed to Drake, and was obliged to sell Buckland. His distress was the more poignant when Drake, the upstart son of a yeoman, bought the property six months later. Finally, Grenville sailed from Plymouth in the *Revenge* to meet his death in an immortal battle off the Azores.

When Drake took over Buckland Abbey in 1581 he was a made man—immensely rich, in the Queen's favour, and a knight with a coat of arms. He had his crest boldly carved over the fireplace in the Tower Room where it may still be seen.

In 1644, during the Civil Wars, Charles I granted the Drake estates to Skellum Grenville, Sir Richard's grandson and a royalist. But the following year Cromwell's forces took the house by storm. Skellum escaped to France, and the last Grenville goes from the story of Buckland. Drake's Parliamentarian great-nephew, another Sir Francis Drake, returned to Buckland, and his descendants lived there until after the second World War.

How to get there: Buckland Abbey is eleven miles north of Plymouth (bus service). *Open:* Easter Day to September 30: weekdays and bank holidays, 11 till 6: Sundays, 2 till 6. October 1 to Easter Eve: Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, 3 till 5.

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Robot In The Factory	What He's Up To
Voyage To Prosperity	All Fingers And Thumbs
Look Before You Shop And	Hogging The Limelight
A Great Experiment	With A Disarming Smile
Trouble, Trouble, Trouble	Knocked The Stuffing Out
Finding The Money	Gone With The Wind
Not So Popular	Stretching It
Teacher's Battle	Little Nikki
That Seaside Tonic	At The Top Of His Form

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

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She Looks....., But The.....Classes
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OTHER AWARDS: £10: L. Rham, 198 Ramnoth Road, Wisbech, Cambs: PROGRESS DEMANDS—INDUSTRIAL "RUNNYMEDE"—READY, JOHN? £9: J. MacKerell (jnr.), 16 Roseworth Avenue, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne: WHAT LOVE CAN DO—TO "HEARTH"! TO *Earth*! £8: H. Brandwood, 8 Park Avenue, Nelson, Lancs: WITH SCIENTISTS AROUND—NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE—NOTHING *Sure*! £7: W. Whitaker, 105 Conway Road, Treorchy, Glam: PROGRESS DEMANDS—AUTOMATION "STRIDING"—NOBODY "TRAMPING"! £6: W. Payne, 16 Gladsmuir Road, London, N.19: IN THE MIDST OF ATOMIC—FURNACES, WE'LL "SWEAT" *Less*. £5: G. P. Walsh, 108 Gowan Avenue, London, S.W.6: WHAT DAD CAN DO—WITH TEN *Thumbs*, AMAZING! £5: Miss S. F. Woolley, Lower Lodge, Brooklands, Sarisbury, Southampton: PROGRESS DEMANDS—"ADJUSTMENT," *Without* ANY "SPANNERS"!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 21), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 7 for early news of No. 2,044 result.)

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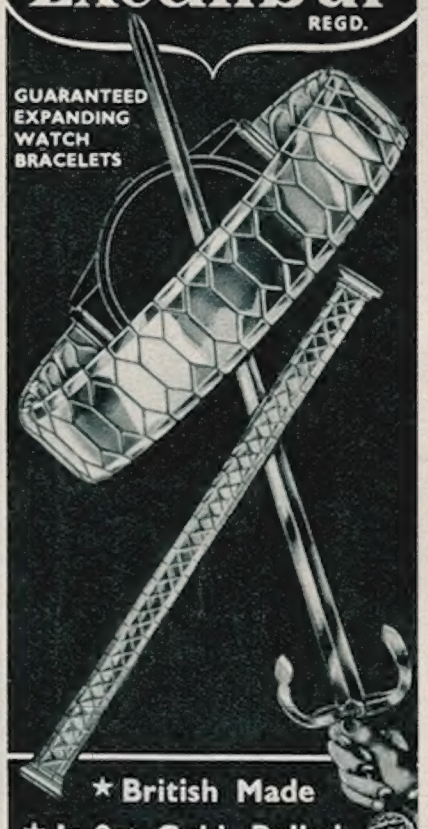

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